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ENGLISH POETRY

A Students' Anthology

SELECTED BY
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THIS ANTHOLOGY WAS
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PREFACE

THE purpose of this anthology is to enable the reader to develop his understanding of poetry and to increase his sensibility to all kinds of poetic expression. Any one who wishes to develop or test his critical powers will find here the material for a wide range of comparisons, but there is no need for the reader to pursue, or confine himself to, the comparative method. Although the book contains a collection of poetry which, not being confined to lyrical verse, has a greater variety than is to be found in many anthologies, it does not pretend to be an anthology of the best English poetry. A number of good poets (including most modern ones) are omitted entirely, and many are represented by lesser known poems. Only a third of the pieces are contained in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The particular aim of the book would not be achieved if the reader, confronted with a poem, knew that he was expected to praise it. The authors' names, therefore, are given only in the notes at the end of the book, together with dates, some suggestions for comparison, the explanation of difficulties which demand a special knowledge, and a few quotations from critics.

The book is divided for convenience into seven parts, but they are not self-contained, and poems in one section might, in some cases, have been printed in another.

Part One begins with a score of love poems and ends with examples of different kinds of religious poetry. Part Two contains twenty examples of the sonnet form, and there are a number of other sonnets scattered through the book. Part Three is devoted to satirical verse. Examples are given not only from Dryden and

Pope, but of the decline of satire in the eighteenth century, and of the poetry of the nineteenth century, which is partly satirical and partly inspired by a passion for reforming the world. Part Four consists of Dramatic Verse. This is not intended to be a collection of dramatic specimens, nor as a substitute for reading the plays themselves. It provides examples of Elizabethan blank verse which can be studied for their poetic craftsmanship. Shakespeare's can be compared with Marlowe's, Webster's, or Chapman's, his method of dealing with source-material can be studied, and his use of blank verse can be followed in fine speeches from some of the lesser known plays.

Part Five consists mainly of narrative and descriptive verse, which the reader can contrast with the dramatic verse in the previous part. Chaucer, Milton, and Wordsworth cannot, of course, be fully appreciated by the detailed study of short passages, but the reader should be helped in his understanding of the style and method of their verse. Part Six contains reflective poetry and examples of first drafts and other passages which throw light on poetic craftsmanship and inspiration. Part Seven is an anthology of the seasons, which provides many opportunities for comparison, but, like the rest of the book, may be read merely for enjoyment.

Enjoyment is the end of poetry, and all study of it must be subordinated to that end. But by serious study it is possible to raise the level of one's responses to poetry, and hence to refine the quality and increase the intensity of one's enjoyment of it. Real enjoyment is inhibited if we are too much concerned with the orthodox opinion of any particular poem, and we are far more likely to acquire a genuine appreciation of poetry if we allow ourselves to make mistakes—if, for example,

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the riuers and the forrests greene
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre loue of lillyes and of roses,
Bound trueloue wize with a blew silke riband
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them ecke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strait,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,

Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne vse to towre,
And the wylde wolues which seeke them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Wake, now my loue, awake; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her siluer coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment
Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
The dewy leaues among
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

My loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.

Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Ioues sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al that euer in this world is fayre
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride.
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And as ye vse to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer and your eccho ring.

Now is my loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groome
Prepare your selues, for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray
Fit for so ioyfull day,
The ioyfulst day that euer sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy souerayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the sences they doe rāush quite,
 The whyles the boyes run vp and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce.
 Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout,
 That euen to the heauens they shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approuance doe thereto applaud
 And loud aduaunce her laud,
 And euermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
 That al the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring

Loç where she comes along with portly pace
 Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
 Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
 So well it her beseemes that ye would weene
 Some angell she had beene
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowers a tweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
 And being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold
 So many gazers, as on her do stare,
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are.

Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing.
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so louely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store,
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yuory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps lyke lylies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending vppe with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre,
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her liuely spright,
Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.

There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
Vnspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,

And gueth lawes alone.

The which the base affections doe obay,

And yeeld theyr seruices vnto her will,

Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may

Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,

And vnreuealed pleasures,

Then would ye wonder and her prayes sing,

That al the woods should answer and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates vnto my loue,

Open them wide that she may enter in,

And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,

And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,

For to recyue this Saynt with honour dew,

That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reuerence,

She commeth in, before th'almighties vew,

Of her ye virgins learne obedience,

When so ye come into those holy places,

To humble your proud faces.

Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,

The which do endlesse matrimony make,

And let the roring Organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in liuely notes,

The whiles with hollow throates

The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,

That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands

Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,

How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,

And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,

Like crimson dyde in grayne,
That euen th'Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their seruice and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnsownd.
Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now al is done, bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis •
Make feast therefore now all this lue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, •
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest;
For they can doo it best •
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare.
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing.
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring

*Ah when will this long weary day haue end,
And lende me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How slowly ðo the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers moue?
Hast thee O fayrest Planet to thy home
Within the Westerne fome
Thy tyred steedes long since haue need of rest
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright euening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue
That all the host of heauen in rankes doost lead,
And guydest louers through the nightes dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from aboue,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
As ioying in the sight*

Of these glad many which for ioy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Now cease ye damsels your delights forepast;
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast.
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
Now night is come, now soone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins ouer her display,
And odour'd sheetes, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly
In proud humility,
Like vnto Maia, when as Ioue her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leaue my loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Hast sum'd in one, and cancelled for aye.
Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
That no man may vs see,
And in thy sable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our ioy:

But let the night be calme and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afraie:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Maesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing.
Ne let the woods them answer, nor let theyr eccho
ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued dout
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill sprights,
Ne let mischuiuous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the shrieck Oule, nor the Storke be heard.
Nor the night Rauens that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'unpleasant Quayre of Frogs still croking
Make vs to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trewe night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,

The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reprobous,
Their pretty stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,
Is it not Cinthia, she that neuer sleeps,
But walkes about high heauen al the night?
O fayrest goddess, do thou not enuy
My loue with me to spy
For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which priuily,
The Latmian shephard once vnto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods vs answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou great Iuno, which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loues delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this same night
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
With lasting happinesse,
Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,

Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let vs rest, sweet loue, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing,
 The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my loue should duly haue bene dect,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
 But promist both to recompens,
 Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse moniment

3 FAREWELL

WHAT shulde I saye,
 Sins faithe is ded,
 And truth awaye,
 From you ys fled,
 Shulde I be led,
 With doblennesse?
 Naye, naye, mistresse!

I promiside you,
 And you promisid me,
 To be as true,
 As I wolde be.
 But sins I se
 Your doble herte,
 Farewell my parte!

Though for to take
 Yt ys not my minde
 But to forsake,
 One so unkind,

And as I finde
 So will I truste
 Farewell, uniuste!

Can ye saye naye?
 But you saide
 That I all waye
 Shulde be oberide,
 And thus betraide
 Or that I wiste
 Farewell, unkiste!

4 SONNET

SINCE there's no helpe, Come let vs kisse and part,
 Nay, I haue done. You get no more of Me,
 And I am glad, yea glad withall my heart,
 That thus so cleanly, I my Selfe can free,
 Shake hands for euer, Cancell all our Vowes,
 And when we meet at any time againe,
 Be it not seene in either of our Browes,
 That We one iot of former Loue reteyne;
 Now at the last gaspe of Loues latest Breath,
 When his Pulse fayling, Passion speechlesse lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
 And Innocence is closing vp his Eyes,
 Now if thou would'st, when all haue guen him ouer,
 From Death to Life, thou might'st him yet recouer.

5. *THEY FLE FROM ME . . .*

THEY fle from me, that sometyne did me seke
 With naked fote, stalking in my chambr.
 I have sene theim gentill, tame, and meke,
 That now are wyld, and do not remembr
 That sometyne they put theimself in daunger
 To take bred at my hand; and nowe they raunge
 Besely seking with continuell chaunge

Thancked be fortune it hath ben othrewise
 Twenty tymes better, but ons, in speciall,
 In thyn arraye, after a pleasaunt gyse,
 When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,
 And she me caught in her armes long and small,
 Therewith all swetely did me kysse
 And softly said · ‘Dere hert howe like you this?’

It was no dreme I lay brode waking
 But all is torned, thorough my gentilnes,
 Into a straunge fasshion of forsaking; •
 And I have leve to goo of her goodenes •
 And she also to use new fangilnes;
 But syns that I so kyndely am served,
 I wold fain knowe what she hath deserved.

6. *DELIGHT IN DISORDER*

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse:
 A Lawne about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction •
 An erring Lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the Crin son Stomacher:

A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly:
 A winning wave (deserving Note)
 In the tempestuous petticoat:
 A careless shooc-string, in whose tye
 I see a wilde civility:
 Doe more bewitch me, than when Art
 Is too precise in every part.

7. *SONG*

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdred, still perfum'd.
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Though Arts hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hayre as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all th'adulteries of Art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

8. *THE VEIL*

II THINK and think, yet still I fail—
 Why does this lady wear a veil?
 Why thus elect to mask her face
 Beneath that dainty web of lace?
 The tip of a small nose I see,
 And two red lips, set curiously

10 A SONG

ABSENT from thee I languish still;
 Then ask me not, When I return?
 The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
 To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

Dear; from thine Arms then let me fly,
 That my fantastick Mind may prove,
 The Torments it deserves to try,
 That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

When wearied with a World of Woe,
 To thy safe Bosom I retire,
 Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,
 May I contented there expire

Lest once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,
 I fall on some base Heart unblest;
 Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
 And lose my everlasting Rest

11 LOVERS INFINITENESSE

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 Than at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love was partiall,
 That some to mee, some should to others fall,
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
 All was but All, which thou hadst then,
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
 New love created bee, by other men,
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall,
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
 Hee that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it.
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it:
 But wee will have a way more liberall,
 Than changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All

12 TRUE LOVE

TRUE Love in this differs from gold and clay,
 That to divide is not to take away.
 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
 Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light,
 Imagination! which from earth and sky,
 And from the depths of human fantasy,
 As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
 The Universe with glorious beams, and kills

Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow
 Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
 One object, and one form, and builds thereby
 A sepulchre for its eternity.

13 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

IT lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
 For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should loose, the other win;
 And one especiallie doe we affect
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.
 The reason no man knowes, let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eies.
 Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,
 Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

14 ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF
BOHEMIA

YOU meaner *Beauties* of the *Night*,
 That poorly satisfie our *Eyes*
 More by your *number*, than your *light*,
 You *Common people* of the *Skies*;
 What are you when the *Sun* shall rise?

You curious Chanters of the Wood,
 That warble forth *Dame Natures* layes,
 Thinking your *Voices* understood
 By your weak *accents*; what's your praise
 When *Philomel* her voice shall raise?

You *Violets*, that first appear,
 By your *pure purple mantles* known,
 Like the proud *Virgins* of the year,
 As if the *Spring* were all your own;
 What are you when the *Rose* is blown?

So, when *my Mistress* shall be seen
 In *Form* and *Beauty* of her mind,
 By *Vertue* first, then *Choice a Queen*,
 Tell me, if *she* were not design'd
 Th' *Eclipse* and *Glory* of her kind?

15 MAUD

COLD and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly
 meek,
 Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was
 drown'd,
 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the
 cheek,
 Passionless, 'pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom
 profound;
 Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient
 wrong
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale
 as before
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a
 sound,
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night
 long
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no
 more,
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden
 ground,

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwreck-
ing roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down
by the wave,
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and
found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

. 16 *NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL*

NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The fire-fly wakens · waken thou with me.

Now troops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves ·
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake ·
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

17. *WALSINGHAME*

As you came from the holy land
of Walsinghame
Mett you not with my tru loue
by the way as you came?

How shall I know your trew loue
That haue mett many one
As I went to the holy lande
That haue come that haue gone?

She is neyther whyte nor browne
Butt as the heauens fayre
There is none hathe a forme so diuine
In the earth or the ayre.

Such an one did I meet good Sir
Suche an Angelyke face
Who lyke a queene lyke a nymph did appere
by her gate by her grace.

She hath lefte me here all alone
All allone as vnknowne
Who somtymes did me lead with her selfe
And me loude as her owne.

Whats the cause that she leaues you alore
And a new waye doth take
Who loued you once as her owne
And her ioye did you make:

I haue loude her all my youth
butt now ould as you see
Loue lykes not the fallyng frute
From the wythered tree:

Know that loue is a careless chylld
 And forgets promyse paste:
 He is blynd he is deaff when he lyst
 And in faythe neuer faste

His desyre is a dureless contente
 And a trustless ioye
 He is wonn with a world of despayre
 And is lost with a toye.

Of women kynde suche indeed is the loue
 Or the word Loue abused
 Vnder which many chyllysh desyres
 And conceytes are excusde

Butt Loue is a durable fyre
 In the mynde euer burnynge
 neuer sycke neuer ould neuer dead
 from itt selfe neuer turnynge.

2

18 *FAIN WOULD I CHANGE THAT NOTE*

FAIN would I change that note
 To which fond loue hath charmd me,
 Long, long to sing by roate
 Fancying that that harmde me
 Yet when this thought doth come,
 Loue is the perfect summe
 Of all delight,
 I haue no other choice
 Either for pen or voyce,
 To sing or write.

O Loue they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweete is bitter.
 When thy ripe fruit is such,
 As nothing can be sweeter,
 Faire house of ioy and blisse,
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I doe adore thee
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serue thee with my heart
 And fall before thee

19 TO HIS COY MISTRESS

HAD we but World enough, and Time,
 This coyness Lady were no crime
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
 Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
 Should'st Rubies find I by the Tide
 Of *Humber* would complain I would
 Love you ten years before the Flood
 And you should if you please refuse
 Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
 My vegetable Love should grow
 Vaster than Empires, and more slow.
 An hundred years should go to praise
 Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze
 Two hundred to adore each Breast
 But thirty thousand to the rest
 An Age at least to every part,
 And the last Age should show your Heart.
 For Lady you deserve this State;
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

- But at my back I alwaies hear
 Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
 And yonder all before us lye
 Desarts of vast Eternity
 Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
 Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
 My ecchoing Song: then Worms shall try
 That long preserv'd Virginity
 And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
 And into ashes all my Lust
- The Grave's a fine and private place,
 But none I think do there embrace
- Now therefore, while the youthful hew
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
 And while thy willing Soul transpires
 At every pore with instant Fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may,
 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
 Rather at once our Time devour,
 Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r
 Let us roll all our Strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one Ball
 And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the Iron gates of Life
 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

20 *SONG from THE SPANISH FRYAR*

FARWELL ungratefull Traytor,
 Farwell my perjur'd Swain,
 Let never injur'd Creature
 Believe a Man again.

The Pleasure of Possessing
 Surpasses all Expressing,
 But 'tis too short a Blessing,
 And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us
 In Pity of your Pain,
 But when we love you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no Bliss beside it,
 But she that once has try'd it
 Will never love again .

The Passion you pretended
 Was onely to obtain
 But when the Charm is ended
 The Charmer you disdain.
 Your Love by ours we measure
 Till we have lost our Treasure,
 But dying is a Pleasure,
 When Living is a Pain

21 *From THE MANIAC*

WHEN thirst and hunger griev'd her most,
 If any food she took,
 It was the berry from the thorn,
 The water from the brook.

Now hurrying o'er the heath she hied,
 Now wander'd thro' the wood,
 Now o'er the precipice she peep'd,
 Now stood and eyed the flood.

From every hedge a flower she pluck'd,
 And moss from every stone,
 To make a garland for her Love,
 Yet left it still undone.

Still, as she rambled, was she wont
 To trill a plaintive song,
 'Twas wild, and full of fancies vain,
 Yet suited well her wrong.

All loose, yet lovely, to the wind
 Her golden tresses flew,
 And now alas! with heat were scorch'd,
 And now were drench'd with dew.

No friend was left the tears to wipe
 That dimm'd her radiant eyes,
 Yet oft their beams like those would shine
 That gleam from wat'ry skies

Oft too, a smile, but not of joy,
 Play'd on her brow o'ercast;
 It was the faint cold smile of Spring,
 Ere Winter yet is past

One morn I sought her; but too late—
 Her wound had bled so sore—
 God rest thy Spirit, gentle Maid!
 Thou'rt gone for evermore!

* 22 *THREE EPITAPHS*

I

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

ASLUMBER did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears nor sees;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees

24

3

AH, what avails the sceptred race!
 Ah, what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

25 *DIRCE*

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat convey'd!
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old and she a shade.

26 *ECHO'S LAMENT*

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt
 teares;
 Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs.
 List to the heavy part the musique beares,
 Woe weepes out her division, when shee sings
 Droope herbs, and flowres;
 Fall griefe in showres,
 Our beauties are not ours:
 O, I could still
 (Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,)
 drop, drop, drop, drop,
 Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

27. ECHO

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow *Meander's* margent green,
 And in the violet imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That liketh thy *Narcissus* are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in som flowry Cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
 So maist thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

28 TO MUSIQUE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy Delicious Numbers;
 That being ravisht, hence I goe
 Away in easie slumbers
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed,
 Thou Power that canst sever
 From me this ill.
 And quickly still
 Though thou not kill
 My Fever

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
 From a consuming fire,
 Into a gentle-licking flame,
 And make it thus expire

Then make me weep
My paines asleep;
And give me such reposes,
That I, poore I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst Roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those Maiden showrs,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
A Baptime o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven

29 TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

30 *CALLICLES SINGS*

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their *endless* abode.

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old

First hymn they the Father
Of all things;—and then,
The rest of immortals,
The *action of men*.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars with their calm.

31. *SONG from THE LOTOS-EATERS*

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon

Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea
Death is the end of life, ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence, ripen, fall, and cease
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,

And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold.
Our sons inherit us. our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain
The Gods are hard to reconcile.
'Tis hard to settle order once again
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—

To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak·
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone·
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind .
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd .
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

✓₃₂ *From THE SOLITARY REAPER*

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

33. *THE GUEST*

YET if his majesty, our Sovereign lord,
Should of his owne accord
Friendly himselfe invite,
And say I'll be your guest tomorrowe night,
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to worke! 'Let no man idle stand
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be roome to eate,
And order taken that there want no meate.
See every sconce, and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Looke to the presence are the carpets spred,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chayre,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place '
Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too,
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honor to an earthly king;
And, after all our travayle and our cost,
So he be pleas'd, to think no labour lost
But at the coming of the King of heaven
All's set at six and seven.
We wallow in our sin;
Christ cannot finde a chamber in the inn,
We entertaine him alwayes like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge him in the manger.

34 *LOVE*

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
 Guiltie of dust and sinne.
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack'd any thing

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
 Love said, you shall be he.
 I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
 I cannot look on thee
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them. let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve
 And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
 My deare, then I will serve
 You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
 So I did sit and eat.

35 *AMORETTI LXVIII*

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
 and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away
 captiuitie thence captiue vs to win:
 This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
 and grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
 being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 may liue for euer in felicity.

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertayne.
So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught

36 *EASTER*

II GOT me flowers to straw thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree,
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee

The Sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With' thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

37 *VERTUE*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie.
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye.
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie;
 My musick shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives,
 But though the whole world turns to coal,
 Then chiefly lives

38. *THE GLORIES OF OUR BLOOD AND STATE*

THE glories of our blood and state,
 Are shadows, not substantial things,
 There is no armour against fate,
 Death lays his icy hand on Kings,
 Scepter and Crown,
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made,
 With the poor crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up the murmuring breath,
 When they pale Captives creep to death.

The Garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Deaths purple Altar now,
 See where the Victor-victim bleeds,

.Your heads must come,
To the cold Tomb;
Onely the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

39 *ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY**The Hymn*

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
The Santly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle,wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

No war, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by

But peaceful was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence,
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissfull rapture took
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was don,
And that her raign had here its last fulfilling,
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th'enameld Arras of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at som festrval,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the
deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his
throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins, for from this happy day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
 The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound
 Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each 'peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forsake their Temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And mooned *Ashtaroath*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz*
 mourn

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings loud
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredged Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn,
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'infernall jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-steeds,* leaving their Moon-lov'd
maze.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

40 *HYMN OF THE NATIVITY*

Sung as by the Shepherds

Chorus

COME we shepherds whose blest Sight,
Hath mett love's Noon in Nature's night,
Come lift we up our loftyer Song
And wake the SUN that lyes too long

To all our world of well-stoln joy
He slept; and dream't of no such thing,
While we found out Heavn's fairer eye
And Kiss'd the Cradle of our KING
Tell him He rises now too late
To show us ought worth looking at

Tell him we now can show Him more
Then He e'er show'd to mortall Sight,
Then he Himselfe e'er saw before;
Which to be seen needs not His light.
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen

Tityrus. Gloomy night embrac't the Place
Where The Noble Infant lay
The BABE look't up and shew'd his Face;
In spite of Darkness, it was DAY
It was THY day, SWEET! and did rise
Not from the EAST, but from thine EYES

Chorus. It was THY day, SWEET, &c.

Thyr. WINTER chidde aloud; and sent
The angry North to wage his warres.
•The North forgott his fierce Intent,
And left perfumes in stead of scarres
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powrs
Where he méan't frost, he scatter'd flowrs

Chor By those sweet eyes', &c

Both We saw thee in thy baulmy Nest,
Young dawn of our æternall DAY!
We saw thine eyes break from their EAST
And chase the trembling shades away
We saw thee; and we blest the sight, •
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

Tit Poor WORLD (said I) what wilt thou doe
To entertain this starry STRANGER?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend ye powres of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birthe

Chor Contend ye powers, &c

Thyr Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the MIGHTY BABE alone
The Phænix builds the Phænix' nest.
Love's architecture is his own.

The BABE whose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own bed ere he was born.

Chor. The BABE whose, &c.

Tit I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair INFANT's bed
Forbear, said I, be not too bold.
Your fleece is white, But 'tis too cold

Chor Forbear, sayd I, &c

Thyr I saw the obsequious SERAPHIMS
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow, „
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since HEAVN it self lyes here below
Well done, said I but are you sure
Your down so warm, will passe for pure?

Chor. Well done sayd I, &c.

Tit No no, your KING's not yet to seeke
Where to repose his Royall HEAD,
See see, how soon his new-bloom'd CHEEK
Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed
Sweet choise, said we! no way but so
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow.

Chor Sweet choise, said we, &c.

Both We saw thee in thy baulmy nest,
Bright dawn of our æternall Day!
We saw thine eyes break from their EAST
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee and we blest the sight
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light.

Chor We saw thee, &c.

Full Chorus

Wellcome, all WONDERS in one sight!
Æternity shutt in a span.
Sommer in Winter Day in Night.
Heaven in earth, and GOD in MAN.
Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav'n to earth

WELLCOME Though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Cæsar's birth right is,
Two sister-seas of Virgin-Milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd kisse
That breathes at once both MAID and MOTHER,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.

WELLCOME, though not to those gay flies
Gilded ith' Beames of earthly kings,
Slipp'ry soules in smiling eyes;
But to poor Shepheards, home-spun things
Whose Wealth's their flock, whose witt, to be
Well read in their simplicity. •

Yet when young April's husband shows
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maia's bed
We'l bring the First-born of her flowrs
To kisse thy FEET and crown thy HEAD
To thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepheards, more than they the sheep.

To THEE, meek Majesty! soft KING
Of simple GRACES and sweet LOVES
Each of us his lamb will bring
Each his pair of sylver Doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Our selves become our own best SACRIFICE.

41. *A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER*

WILT thou forgiue that sinne where I begunne,
 Which is my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgiue those sinnes, through which I runne,
 And do run still though still I do deplore?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For, I haue more.

Wilt thou forgiue that sinne by which I'haue wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?

Wilt thou forgiue that sinne which I did shunne?
 A yeare, or two but wallowed in, a score?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I haue more.

I haue a sinne of feare, that when I haue spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore,
 Swear by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore,
 And, hauing done that, Thou haste done,
 I feare no more.

42 *CHORUS from HELLAS*

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn,
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize,
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime,
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued.
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

43. *SONG from THE RESURRECTION*

II SAW a staring virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died,
And tear the heart out of his side,
And lay the heart upon her hand
And bear that beating heart away,
And then did all the Muses sing
Of Magnus Annus at the spring,
As though God's death were but a play

Another Troy must rise and set,
Another lineage feed the crow,
Another Argo's painted prow
Drive to a flashier bauble yet.
The Roman Empire stood appalled
It dropped the reins of peace and war
When that fierce virgin and her Star
Out of the fabulous darkness called

44 *From WILLIAM BOND*

II THOUGHT Love liv'd in the hot sun shine,
But O, he lives in the Moony light!
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the Comforter of Night.

Seek Love in the Pity of others' Woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
In the naked and outcast, Seek Love there!

45 *ETERNITY*

HE who binds to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

46 *MORNING*

To find the Western path
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way,
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan
I see the break of day
,
The war of swords and spears
Melted by dewy tears
Exhales on high,
The Sun is freed from fears
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

47 *From AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

48. SONG

N YMPHS and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
On old *Lyceus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Menalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

PART II

AMORETTI

49

LXIII

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heretofore.
in dread of death and daungerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arryue;
fayre soyle it seemes from far and fraught with store
of all that deare and daynty is alyue
Most happy he that can at last atch्यue
the ioyous safety of so sweet a rest.
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
all sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse

50

LXXV

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away:
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my selue shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize
Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize
to dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame.
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
our loue shall liue, and later life renew

SONNETS ON SLEEP

51

I

COME Sleepe, ô Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
 The basting place of wit, the balme of woe,
 The poore mans wealth, the prysoners release,
 The indifferent Iudge betweene the hie and lowe,
 With shielde of prooffe, shielde me from out the prease
 Of those fierce dartes, Dispayre at me doth throw;
 O make in me those ciuill warres to cease.
 I will good trybute pay if thou doe soe.
 Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deafe to noyse, and blinde to light,
 A rosie garland, and a wearie head
 And if these things (as being thine in right)
 Moooue not thy heaue grace, thou shalt in mee,
 (Liuelier then elsewhere) *Stellas* Image see

52

2

CARE-CHARMER sleepe, sonne of the Sable night,
 Brother to death, in silent darknes borne
 Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
 With darke forgetting of my cares returne,
 And let the day be time enough to morne,
 The shipwrack of my ill-aduentred youth
 Let waking eyes suffice to wayle theyr scorne,
 Without the torment of the nights vntruth
 Cease dreames, th'ymagery of our day desires,
 To modell forth the passions of the morrow
 Neuer let rysing sunne approue you lyers,
 To adde more grieve to aggrauat my sorrow
 Still let me sleepe, imbracing clowdes in vaine,
 And neuer wake, to feele the dayes disdayne.

53

18

SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more louely and more temperate.
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date
 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
 So long lues this, and this giues life to thee.

54

29

WHEN in disgrace with Fortune and mēns eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
 And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
 And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
 With what I most inioy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
 (Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
 From sullen earth sings himns at Heauens gate,
 For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

55

30

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waste.
 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vs'd to flow)
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
 And weepe a fresh loues long since canceld woe,
 And mone th'expençe of many a vannisht sight.
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
 The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
 Which I new pay as if not payd before
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
 All losses are restord, and sorrowes end

56 *POUR HÉLÈNE*, II 42

QUAND vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,

Assise auprès du feu, devidant et filant,
 Direz, chantant mes vers, et vous esmerueillant
 Ronsard me celebroit du temps que j'estois belle
 Lors vous n'aurez servante oyant telle nouvelle,
 Desja sous le labeur à demy sommeillant,
 Qui, au bruit de Ronsard, ne s'aile réveillant,
 Benissant vostre nom de louange immortelle.
 Je seray sous la terre, et, fantosme sans os,
 Par les ombres myrteux je prendray mon repos;
 Vous serez au fouyer une vieille accroupie,
 Regrettant mon amour et vostre fier desdain.
 Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain,
 Cueillez dès aujourd'huy les roses de la vie.

57. *WHEN YOU ARE OLD*

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars

58

116

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue
 O no, it is an euer fixed marke
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken,
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his highth be taken.
 Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickles compasse come,
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome.
 If this be error and vpon me proued,
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

59

146

POOORE soule the center of my sinfull earth,
 Hemmed by these rebbell powres that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
 Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
 Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse
 Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
 Then soule lue thou vpon thy seruants losse,
 And let that pine to aggrauat thy store,
 Buy tearmes diuine in selling houres of drosse,
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And death once dead, ther's no more dying then

60

DIVINE SONNET

DEATH be not proud, though some haue called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
 For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost ouerthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliuerie
 Thou art slaue to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate
 men,
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
 And poppie, or charmes can make vs sleepe as well,
 And better than thy stroake, why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

SONNETS

61

XVI

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide,
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask, But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
 Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State
 Is Kingly Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

62

XVII

LAURENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help wast a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard Season gaining time will run
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and cloth in fresh attire
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spurr'd
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
 Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight
 But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night

64 SONNET

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
 I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
 That neither present time, 'nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

65. *MUTABILITY*

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

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66 *TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee, thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

67 *ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS*

NOT that the earth is changing, O my God!
Not that the seasons totter in their walk,—
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—
Not therefore are we certain that the rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though
now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings —not therefore, O my God!—

But because Man is parcelled out in 'men
Even thus, because for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, 'I would be told
Why thou dost strike,' but his heart whispers then,
'He is he, I am I' By this we know
That the earth falls asunder, being old.

68 *FELIX RANDAL*

IFELIX RANDAL the farrier, O he is dead then? my
duty all ended,
Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned and
hardy-handsome
Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it and
some
Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?

Sickness broke him Impatient he cursed at first, but
mended
Being anointed and all, though a heavenlier heart
began some
Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve and
ransom
Tendered to him Ah well, God rest him all road ever
he offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it en-
dears,
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had
quenched thy tears,
Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix, 'poor
Felix Randal,

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boister-
ous years,
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst
peers,
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and
battering sandal!

PART III

69 *ACHITOPHEL*

OF these the false *Achitophel* was first,
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace,
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay
And o'r informed the Tenement of Clay
A daring Pilot in extremity,
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He sought the Storms, but, for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit.
Great Wits are sure to Madness near alli'd
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
Punish a Body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
And all to leave what with his Toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions trie,
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,
Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State,
To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke,
The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook,
And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke,
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.

So easie still it proves in Factious Times
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
 How safe is Treason and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the Peoples Will,
 Where Crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in anothers guilt they find their own.

70 *MAC FLECKNOE*

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long
 In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute
 Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute
 This aged Prince, now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the Succession of the State,
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd, for Nature pleads that He
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dullness from his tender years,
Shadwell alone of all my Sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But *Shadwell* never deviates into sense
 Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid intervall,
 But *Shadwell's* genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day
 Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye

And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty·
 Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology·
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way
 And coarsely clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater name

71 PORTRAIT OF ATTICUS

PEACE to all such¹ but were there One whose fires
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each Talent and each Art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise,
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer,
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike,
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend,
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause,
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

72 THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS

IN vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
 Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old!
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires
 As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain,
 As *Argus' eyes*, by *Hermes' wand* opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest,
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is *Night*
 See skulking *Truth* to her old Cavern fled,
 Mountains of *Casuistry* heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires
 Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine,
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, *CHAOS*! is restor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
 And Universal Darkness buries All

73 *VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT*

BEHOLD the fatal day arrive! •
 'How is the Dean?'—'He's just alive.'
 Now the departing prayer is read,
 'He hardly breathes'—'The Dean is dead'
 Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run
 'O! may we all for death prepare!
 'What has he left? and who's his heir?
 'I know no more than what the news is,
 'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uses.
 To publick uses! there's a whim!
 'What had the publick done for him?
 'Mere envy, avarice, and pride
 'He gave it all—but first he died.
 'And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 'No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 'So ready to do strangers good,
 'Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps.
 'The Dean is dead (Pray what is trumps?)
 'Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
 '(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole)
 'Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 '(I wish I knew what king to call)
 'Madam, your husband will attend
 'The funeral of so good a friend
 'No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 'And he's engaged to-morrow night:

'My lady Club will take it ill,
 If he should fail her at quadrille
 'He lov'd the Dean (I lead a heart)
 'But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 'His time was come; he ran his race,
 'We hope he's in a better place '

74 MR FITZPATRICK

WITH that *low* CUNNING, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave,
 With that *smooth* FALSHOOD, whose appearance charm
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
 Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day, and Butchers in the night;
 With that *malignant* ENVY, which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate,
 With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 What's *basely* done, should be done *safely* too,
 With that *dull, rooted, callous* IMPUDENCE,
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
 Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading VICE's snares,
 She blunder'd on some VIRTUE *unawares*;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,

A Motley Figure, of the FRIBBLE Tribe,
Which Heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came *simp'ring* on, .

75 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK,
EARL OF CARLISLE

NO muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle
The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away,
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, and pamphleteer!
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But managers for once cried, 'Hold, enough!'
Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf,
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines

76 SOUTHEY

HE had written praises of a regicide,
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever,
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turned his coat—and would have turned his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
 Reviewing 'the ungentle craft', and then
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd.
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
 And more of both than anybody knows

He had written Wesley's life —here turning round
 To Satan, 'Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
 In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 With notes and preface, all that most allures
 The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers
 So let me have the proper documents,
 That I may add you to my other saints '

Satan bow'd, and was silent 'Well, if you,
 With amiable modesty, decline
 My offer, what says Michael? There are few
 Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine
 Mine is a pen of all work, not so new
 As it was once, but I would make you shine
 Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
 Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown '

77 *TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH*

As from an ancestral oak
 Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
 Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
 When they scent the noonday smoke
 Of fresh human carrion.—

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And when the stars are none, or few.—

As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

78 *SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND*

MEN of England, wherefore plough^h
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
 Or what is it ye buy so dear
 With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow, another reaps,
 The wealth ye find, another keeps;
 The robes ye weave, another wears,
 The arms ye forge, another bears

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap,
 Find wealth,—let no impostor heap,
 Weave robes,—let not the idle wear,
 Forge arms,—in your defence to bear

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells,
 In halls ye deck another dwells
 Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
 And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
 England be your sepulchre

79 *FROM THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY*

As I lay asleep in Italy
 There came a voice from over the Sea,
 And with great power it forth led me
 To walk in the visions of Poesy.

I met Murder on the way—
 He had a mask like Castlereagh—
 Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
 Seven blood-hounds followed him.

All were fat; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew

*

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
And'the shadows of the night,
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by

And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like Bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies

Last came Anarchy he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood,
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown,
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw—
'I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!'

With a pace stately and fast,
Over English land he passed,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude

And a mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord

(Twenty stanzas are here omitted)

And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth,
The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust the murderers thronged behind

A rushing light of clouds and splendour,
A sense awakening and yet tender
Was heard and felt—and at its close
These words of joy and fear arose

As if their own indignant Earth
Which gave the sons of England birth
Had felt their blood upon her brow,
And shuddering with a mother's throe

Had turned every drop of blood
By which her face had been bedewed
To an accent unwithstood—
As if her heart had cried aloud:

SATIRE

'Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another;

'Rise like Lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.

'What is Freedom?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own

' 'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell,

'So that ye for them are made
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

' 'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak,—
They are dying whilst I speak . . .

(Nine stanzas are here omitted)

'What art thou Freedom? O! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery.

'Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave of Fame

'For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread
From his daily labour come
In a neat and happy home

'Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see

'To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake

'Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England—thou
Shield'st alike the high and low

'Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

'What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood?
It availed, Oh, Liberty,
To dim, but not extinguish thee.

'Thou art Love—the rich have kissed
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,
Give their substance to the free
And through the rough world follow thee,

'Or turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy belovèd sake
On wealth, and war, and fraud—whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

'Science, Poetry, and Thought
Are thy lamps, they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse it not

'Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness'

80 WORDSWORTH

HE had a mind which was somehow
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might or feel or know,
Nothing went ever out, although
Something did ever enter.

He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot,—he never could
Fancy another situation,
From which to dart his contemplation,
Than that wherein he stood.

Yet his was individual mind,
And new created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined
Those new creations, and combined
Them, by a master-spirit's law

Thus—though unimaginative—
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on, I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch,
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic

She laughed the while, with an arch smile,
And kissed him with a sister's kiss,
And said—'My best Diogenes,
I love you well—but, if you please,
Tempt not again my deepest bliss

'Tis you are cold—for I, not coy,
Yield love for love, frank, warm, and true,
And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy—
His errors prove it—knew my joy
More, learned friend, than you '

81. *DEMOGORGON*

THIS is the day, which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's des-
potism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour

Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance

Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength,
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free

The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,

To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

82 *From THE DAY IS COMING*

AND what wealth then shall be left us
 when none shall gather gold
 To buy his friend in the market,
 and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
 and the little house on the hill,
 And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
 and the happy fields we till,

And the homes of ancient stories,
 the tombs of the mighty dead,
 And the wise men seeking out marvels,
 and the poet's teeming head,

And the painter's hand of wonder,
 and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
 And the banded choirs of music,—
 all those that do and know.

83 *IN RAILWAY HALLS*

IN railway halls, on pavements near the traffic,
 They beg, their eyes made big by empty staring
 And only measuring Time, like the blank clock.

No, I shall weave no tracery of pen-ornament
 To make them birds upon my singing-tree:
 Time merely drives these 'lives which do not live
 As tides push rotten stuff along the shore.

—There is no consolation, no, none
In the curving beauty of that line
Traced on our graphs through history, where the
 oppressor
Starves and deprives the poor

Paint here no draped despairs, no saddening clouds
Where the soul rests, proclaims eternity.
But let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds
This Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends.

PART IV

84. THE LAST SCENE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Enter Faustus with the Schollers

Fau. Ah Gentlemen!

1 Sch. What ailes Faustus?

Fau. Ah my sweete chamber-fellow! had I liued with thee, then had I liued stil, but now I die eternally: looke, comes he not? comes he not?

2 Sch. What meanes Faustus?

3 Sch. Belike he is growne into some sicknesse by being ouer solitary

1 Sch. If it be so, wee le haue Physitians to cure him: tis but a surffet, neuer feare man

Fau. A surffet of deadly sinne that hath damnd both body and soule.

2 Sch. Yet Faustus, looke vp to heauen, remember gods mercies are infinite

Fau. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned. The Serpent that tempted *Eue* may be sau'd, but not Faustus Ah Gentlemen, heare me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches Though my heart pants and quuiers to remember that I haue beene a student here these thirty yeeres, O would I had neuer seene *Wertenberge*, neuer read booke. and what wonders I haue done, al *Germany* can witnes, yea all the world, for which Faustus hath lost both *Germany*, and the world, yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seate of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in hel for euer, hel, ah hel for euer, sweete friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hel for euer?

3 *Sch.* Yet Faustus call on God.

Fau. On God whome Faustus hath abiurde, on God, whome Faustus hath blasphemed· ah my God, I woulde weepe, but the diuel drawes in my teares. Gush forth bloud, insteade of teares, yea life and soule Oh he stayes my tong, I would lift vp my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them

All. Who Faustus?

Fau. *Lucifer* and *Mephastophilis*

Ah Gentlemen! I gaue them my soule for my cunning

All. God forbid

Fau. God forbade it indeede, but Faustus hath done it: for vaine pleasure of 24 yeares' hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie I writ them a bill with mine owne bloud, the date is expired, the time wil come, and he wil fetch mee

1 *Sch.* Why did not Faustus tel vs of this before, that Diuines might haue prayed for thee?

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuell threatned to teare mee in peeces, if I namde God, to fetch both body and soule, if I once gaue eare to diuinitie and now tis too late Gentlemen away, lest you perish with me

2 *Sch.* O what shal we do to saue Faustus?

Fau. Talke not of me, but saue your selues, and depart.

3 *Sch.* God wil strengthen me, I wil stay with Faustus

1 *Sch.* Tempt not God, sweete friend, but let vs into the next roome, and there pray for him

Fau. I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noyse soeuer yee heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me

2 *Sch.* Pray thou, and we wil pray that God may haue mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewell, if I liue til morning, Ile visite
you: if not, Faustus is gone to hel

All. Faustus, farewell.

Exeunt Sch

The clocke strikes eleauen

Fau. Ah Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hower to liue,
And then thou must be damnd perpetually ·
Stand stil you euer moouing spheres of heauen,
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come
Faire Natures eie, rise, rise againe, and make
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but
A yeere, a moneth, a weeke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent, and saue his soule,
O lente, lente curite noctis equi

The starres mooue stil, time runs, the clocke wil strike,
The diuel wil come, and Faustus must be damnd.
O Ile leape vp to my God who pulles me downe?
See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament

One drop would saue my soule, halfe a drop, ah my
Christ.

Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet wil I call on him oh spare me *Lucifer*!
Where is it now? tis gone And see where God
Stretcheth out his arme, and bends his irefull browes.
Mountaines and hilles, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauy wrath of God
No, no.

Then wil I headlong runne into the earth
Earth gape O no, it wil not harbour me
You starres that raignd at my natiuitie,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hel,
Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,

Into the intrailles of yon labring cloude,
 That when you vomite forth into the ayre,
 My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,
 So that my soule may but ascend to heauen.
 Ah, halfe the houre is past *The watch strikes.*
 Twil all be past anone

Oh God,
 If thou wilt not haue mercy on my soule,
 Yet for Christs sake, whose bloud hath ransomed me,
 Impose some end to my incessant paine
 Let Faustus liue in hel a thousand yeeres,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sau'd
 O no end is limited to damned soules,
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
 Or, why is this immortall that thou hast?
 Ah *Pythagoras metemscosis*, were that true,
 This soule should flie from me, and I be changde
 Into some brutish beast: al beasts are happy,
 For when they die,
 Their soules are soone dissolud in elements,
 But mine must liue still to be plagde in hel
 Curst be the parents that ingendred me
 No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse *Lucifer*,
 That hath depriude thee of the ioyes of heauen:

The clocke striketh twelue.

O it strikes, it strikes now body turne to ayre,
 Or *Lucifer* wil beare thee quicke to hel
 O soule, be changde into little water drops,
 And fal into the *Ocean*, nere be found.
 My God, my God, looke not so fierce on me
 Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while.
 Vgly hell gape not, come not *Lucifer*,
 Ile burne my bookes, ah *Mephastophilis*

85. *EDWARD II IN THE DUNGEON*

Edward. Who's there, what light is that, wherefore
com'st thou?

Lightborne. To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull
newes.

Edward Small comfort findes poore *Edward* in thy
lookes

Villaine, I know thou comst to murther me

Light To murther you, my most gracious lorde?

Farre is it from my hart to do you harme.

The Queene sent me to see how you were vsed,

For she relents at this your miserie

And what eyes can refraine from shedding teares,

To see a king in this most pittious state?

Edw. Weepst thou already? list a while to me,

And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,

Or as *Matreus*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,

Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale

This dungeon, where they keepe me, is the sincke,

Wherein the filthe of all the castell falles¹

Light. O villaines!

Edw And there in mire and puddle haue I stood

This ten days space, and least that I should sleepe,

One plaies continually vpon a Drum

They giue me bread and water, being a king,

So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,

My mindes distemperd and my bodies numde,

And whether I haue limmes or no, I know not.

O, would my bloud dropt out from euery vaine,

As doth this water from my tattered robes

Tell *Isabell* the Queene, I lookt not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in Fraunce,

And there vnhorste the duke of *Cleremont*

Light. O, speake no more, my lorde; this breakes my heart

Lie on this bed, and rest your selfe a while.

Edw These lookes of thine can harbor nought but death

I see my tragedie written in thy browes

Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloudie hande,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That euen then when I shall lose my life,

My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

86 *MORTIMER IS LED OUT TO EXECUTION*

BASE fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble hedlong downe, that point I touchte,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall? '
Farewell, faire Queene, weepe not for *Mortimer*,
That scornes the world, and as a traueller,
Goes to discouer countries yet vnknowne

87 *RICHARD II, ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA QUARTA*

Rich I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I lue, vnto the World .
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it yet Ile hammer't out
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith as thus Come litle ones & then
again,

It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders, how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must sit there,
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented Sometimes am I a King,
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am Then crushing penurie,
Perswades me, I was better when a King
Then am I king'd againe and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing But what ere I am, *Musick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha! keepe time How sowre sweete Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept!
So is it in the Musicke of mens hues

And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,
 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string.
 But for the Concord of my State and Time,
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me.
 For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
 My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they
 larre,
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares
 Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
 Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
 Which is the bell so Sighes, and Téares, and Groanes,
 Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times but my Time
 Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
 While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o' th' Clocke
 This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
 For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad
 Yet blessing on his heart that gues it me,
 For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
 Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world

Enter Groome

Groo Haile Royall Prince

Rich Thankes Noble Peere,

The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere
 What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
 Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
 That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

Groo I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)

When thou wer't King: who traueilling towards
 Yorke,

With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground

Rich So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him
Would he not stumbe? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*

88 *INSOMNIA*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle
Sleepe,

Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lvest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vnease Pallads stretching thee,
And huisht with bussing Night-flyes to thy slumber,

Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
 Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
 O thou dull God, why lvest thou with the vilde,
 In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
 A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the visitation of the Windes,
 Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
 That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
 Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude
 And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
 With all appllances, and meanes to boote,
 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
 Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne

89 *SPEECH OF ULYSSES*

TROY yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
 And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
 But for these instances
 The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected,
 And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
 Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
 When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
 To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
 What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.

The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
 Obserue degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
 Office, and custome, in all line of Order
 And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
 In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
 Amid'st the other, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
 In euill mixture to disorder wander,
 What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny!
 What raging of the Sea! shaking of Earth!
 Commotion in the Windes! Frights, changes, horrors,
 Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
 The vnity, and married calme of States
 Quite from their fixture! O, when Degree is shak'd,
 (Which is the Ladder to all high designes)
 The enterprize is sicke How could communities,
 Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
 Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
 The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
 Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
 (But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
 Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
 And hearke what Discord followes each thing meetes
 In meere oppugnancie The bounded Waters,
 Should lift their bosomes higher than the Shores,
 And make a soppe of all this solid Globe
 Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
 And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead.
 Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
 (Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
 Should loose their names, and so should Iustice too.


Then euey thing includes it selfe in Power,
 Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
 And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
 So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
 Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
 And last, eate vp himselfe

90 *ULYSSES ON TIME*

TIME hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
 Wherein he puts almes for obliuion
 A great siz'd monster of ingraticudes
 Those scraps are good deedes past,
 Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
 Forgot as soone as done perseuerance, deere my Lord,
 Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,
 In monumentall mockrie take the instant way
 For honor trauels in a straight so narrow,
 Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:
 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
 That one by one pursue, if you giue way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth right,
 Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
 And leaue you hindmost
 Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,
 Lye there for pauement to the abiect rear
 Ore-run and trampled on; then what they doe in
 present,
 Though lesse than yours in past, must ore-top yours:
 For time is like a fashionable Hoste,
 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;
 And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,

Graspes in the commer · the welcome euer smles,
 And farewel goes out sighing O let not vertue seeke
 Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,
 Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all
 To enuious and calumniating time:
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ·
 That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And giue to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than guilt oredusted
 The present eye praises the present obiect
 Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
 That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiax*,
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Then what not stirs the cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may againe,
 If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aloue,
 And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
 Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselues,
 And draue great *Mars* to faction

91 THE PARTING OF TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

‘ MERCY, god, what lyf is this?’ quod she,
 ‘Allas, ye slee me thus for verray tene!’
 I see wel now that ye mistrusten me;
 For by your wordes it is wel y-sene
 Now, for the love of Cynthia the shene,
 Mistrust me not thus caustles, for routhe;
 Sin to be trewe I have yow plight my trouthe.

And thenketh wel, that som tyme it is wit
To spende a tyme, a tyme for to winne,
Ne, pardee, Iorn am I nought fro yow yit,
Though that we been a day or two a-twinne
Dryf out the fantasyes yow with-inne,
And trusteth me, and leveth eek your sorwe,
Or here my trouthe, I wil not live til morwe

For if ye wiste how sore it doth me smerte,
Ye wolde cesse of this, for god, thou wost,
The pure spirit wepeth in myn herte,
To see yow wepen that I love most,
And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost
Ye, nere it that I wiste remedye .
To come ayein, right here I wolde dye!

But certes, I am not so nyce a wight
That I ne can imaginen a way .
To come ayein that day that I have hight
For who may holde thing that wol a-way?
My fader nought, for al his queynte pley
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troye
Another day shal torne us alle to joye

For-thy, with al myn herte I yow beseke,
If that yow list don ought for my preyere,
And for the love which that I love yow eke,
That er that I departe fro yow here,
That of so good a comfort and a chere
I may you seen, that ye may bringe at reste
Myn herte, which that is at point to breste.

And over al this, I pray yow,' quod she tho,
'Myn owene hertes soothfast suffisaunce,
Sin I am thyn al hool, with-outen mo,
That whyl that I am absent, no plesaunce

Of othere do me fro your remembraunce.
For I am ever a-gast, for-why men rede,
That "love is thing ay ful of bisy drede "

For in this world ther liveth lady noon,
If that ye were untrewe, as god defende!
That so bitraysted were or wo bigoon
As I, that alle trouthe in yow entende
And douteles, if that ich other wende,
I nere but deed, and er ye cause finde,
For goddes love, so beth me not unkinde '

To this answerde Troilus and seyde,
'Now god, to whom ther nis no cause y-wrye,
Me glade, as wis I never un-to Criseyde,
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with ye,
Was fals, ne never shal til that I dye
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve,
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve '

'Graunt mercy, goode myn, y-wis,' quod she,
'And blisful Venus lat me never sterve
Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degrec
To quyte him wel, that so wel can deserve,
And whyl that god my wit wol me conserve,
I shal so doon, so trewe I have yow founde,
That ay honour to me-ward shal rebounde

For trusteth wel, that your estat royal
Ne veyn delyt, nor only worthinesse
Of yow in werre, or torney marcial,
Ne pompe, array, nobley, or eek richesse,
Ne made me to rewe on your distresse,
But moral vertue, groundēd upon trouthe,
That was the cause I first hadde on yow routhe!

Eek gentil herte and manhod that ye hadde,
And that ye hadde, as me thought, in despyt
Every thing that souned in-to badde,
As rudenesse and poeplish appetyt;
And that your reson brydled your delyt,
This made, aboven every creature,
That I was your, and shal, whyl I may dure.

And this may lengthe of yeres not for-do,
Ne remuable fortune deface,
But Juppiter, that of his might may do
The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace,
Er nightes ten, to meten in this place,
So that it may your herte and myn suffyse,
And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye ryse.'

And after that they longe y-pleyned hadde,
And ofte y-kist and streite in armes folde,
The day gan ryse, and Troilus him cladde,
And rewfulliche his lady gan biholde,
As he that felte dethes cares colde
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde,
Wher him was wo, this holde I no demaunde

For mannes heed imaginen ne can,
Ne entendement considere, ne tonge telle
The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,
That passen every torment down in helle.
For whan he saugh that she ne mighte dwelle,
Which that his soule out of his herte rente,
With-outen more, out of the chaumbre he wente.

Explicit Liber Quartus

From Liber Quintus

Ne me ne list this sely womman chyde,
 Ferther than the story wol devyse
 Hir name, alas! is publissed so wyde,
 That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffyse.
 And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
 For she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
 Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe . .

O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
 In which that love up groweth with your age,
 Repeyreth hoom* from worldly vanitee,
 And of your herte up-casteth the visage
 To thilke god that after his image
 Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
 This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre.

And loveth him, the which that right for love
 Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
 First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene a-bove;
 For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye,
 That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye
 And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
 What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

Lo here, of Payens corsed olde rytes,
 Lo here, what alle hir goddes may availle;
 Lo here, these wrecched worldes appetytes;
 Lo here, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
 Of Jove, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille!
 Lo here, the forme of olde clerkes speche
 In poetrye, if ye hir bokes seche

92. THE PARTING OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so strain'd a puritie;
 That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,
 More bright in zeale, than the deuotion which
 Cold lips blow to their Deities take thee from me

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy A hatefull truth

Cres. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy From Troy, and *Troylus*

Cres Ist possible?

Troy And sodainely, where iniurie of chance
 Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all reioyndure. forcibly preuents
 Our lockt embrasures, strangles our deare vowes,
 Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
 We two, that with so many thousand sighes
 Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues,
 With the rude breuitie and discharge of one
 Inuiours time; now with a robbers haste
 Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
 As many farwels as be stars in heauen,
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles vp into a loose adiew;
 And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
 Distasted with the salt of broken teares.

93 *THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*

I

BUT yet she caried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beawtie and grace. Therefore when she was sent vnto by diuers letters, both from Antonius him selfe, and also from his frendes, she made so light of it and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge And now for the person of her selfe she was layed vnder a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddesse Venus, commonly drawen in picture and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters doe set forth god Cupide, with litle fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her Ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongest the riuers side others also ranne out of the citie to see her comming in. So that in th'end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in

the market place in his Imperiall seate to geue audience: and there went a rumor in the peoples mouthes, that the goddesse Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the generall good of all Asia.

94

2

Eno. I will tell you

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water. the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sicke with them The Owers
were Siluer,

Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes For her owne person,
It beggerd all discription, she did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i' th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings At the Helme
A seeming Mer-maide steeres the Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfe. The Citty cast
Her people out vpon her. and *Anthony*

Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

95 THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

I

HER death was very sodaine For those whom
Cæsar sent vnto her ran thither in all hast possible, and founde the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor vnderstanding of her death. But when they had opened the dores, they founde *Cleopatra* starke dead, layed vpon a bed of gold, attired and araied in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called *Iras*, dead at her feete: and her other woman called *Charmion* halfe dead, and trembling, trimming the *Diademe* which *Cleopatra* ware vpon her head One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd vnto her. Is that well done *Charmion*? Verie well sayd she againe, and meete for a Princes discended from the race of so many noble kings. She sayd no more, but fell downe dead hard by the bed Some report that this *Aspicke* was brought vnto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commaunded them to hide it vnder the figge leaues, that when she shoulde thinke to take out the figges, the *Aspicke* shoulde bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she would haue taken away the leaues for the figges, she perceiued it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arme being naked, she put it to the *Aspicke* to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it

with a spindell of golde, so that the Aspicke being
angered withall, lept out with great furie, and bitte her
in the arme

96

2

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quicke Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuse their after wrath Husband, I come
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title
I am Fire, and Ayre my other Elements
I giue to baser life So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell
Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking

Char Dissolue thicke clowd, and Raine, that I may
say

The Gods themselues do weepe

Cleo This proues me base

If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,

Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse

Which is my heauen to haue Come thou mortal
wretch,

With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,

Of life at once vntye Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæsar* Asse,
vnpolicied

Char Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo Peace, peace

Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle

O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too

What should I stay—— *Dyes*

Char In this wilde World? So fare thee well

Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes

A Lasse vnparell'd Downie Windowes cloze,

And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld

Of eyes againe so Royall your Crownes awry,

Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rushing in, and Dolabella

1 Guard Where's the Queene?

Char Speake softly, wake her not

1 Guard *Cæsar* hath sent

Char Too slow a Messenger

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee

1 Guard Approach hoa,

All's not well *Cæsar's* beguild

2 Guard There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar* call him.

1 Guard What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse

Descended of so many Royall Kings

Ah Souldier

Charmian dyes.

97

3

Cleo Welcom, thou kind Deceiver!

Thou best of Thieves; who with an easie key,
Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves, discharging so
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep

Serap. (within) The Queen, where is she?

The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death.

Haste, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's fury.
(Holds out her arm, and draws it back)

Coward Flesh——

Wou'dst thou conspire with *Cæsar* to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring my Self, my Soul to *Antony*

(Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody)

Take hence; the work is done

Serap. (within) Break ope the Door

And guard the Traitor well

Char The next is ours

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy

Of our great Queen and Mistress

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins.

I go with such a will to find my Lord,

That we shall quickly meet

A heavy numbness creeps through every Limb,

And now 'tis at my Head My Eye-lids fall,

And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his Breast!—*Cæsar*, thy worst;
Now part us if thou canst (*Dies.*)

*(Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies; Charmion
stands behind her chair, as dressing her head)*

Enter Serapion, Priest, &c.

Priest. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race I follow her.

98.

4

WELL, now this worke is done (saith she) here
ends

This act of Life, that part the Fates assign'd mee·

What glory or disgrace heere this world lends,

Both haue I had, and both I leaue behinde mee.

And now O Earth, the Theater where I

Haue acted this, witnesse I dye vnforst,

Witnesse my soule parts free to *Anthony*, •

And now prowde Tyrant *Cæsar* doe thy worst.

This sayd, shee stayes, and makes a suddaine pause,
As twere to feele whether the poyson wrought:

Or rather else the working might be cause

That made her stay, and intertain'd her thought

For in that instant I might well perceiue

The drowsie humour in her falling brow.

And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue

Theyr former office, and did sencelesse grow .

And sencelesse, in her sinking downe she wryes

The Diadem which on her head shee wore

Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble mayd) espyes,

And hastes to right it as it was before.

For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
 Euen at the poynt, for both would immitate
 Theyr Mistresse glory, striuing like to doo.
 But *Charmion* would in this excede her mate,
 For shee would haue this honour to be last,
 That should adorne that head that must be seene
 To weare a Crowne in death, that life held fast,
 That all the world might know shee dyde a Queene.
 And as she stood, setting it fitly on,
 Loe, in rush *Cæsars* messengers in hast,
 Thinking to haue preuented what was done
 But yet they came too late, for all was past
 But there they found stretcht on a bed of gold,
 Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly déad,
 In all the rich attire procure she could,
 And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,
 And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like case .
Charmion, is this well done? sayd one of them.
 Yes, well sayd she, and her that from the race
 Of so great Kings descends, doth best become
 And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,
 To passe th'assurance of her loue with death

99 *PERICLES AND MARINA*

(*On board Pericles' ship Lysander, Helicanus, Marina
 and Pericles*)

Lys. O hee's the Ladie that I sent for,

Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly presence?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde

Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
 No better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,

Faire one, all goodnesse that consists in bounty,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answeere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie,
prouided that none but I and my companion
maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her
prosperous

The Song

Lys Marke(d) he your Musicke²

Mar No nor loo^kt on vs

Lys See she will speake to him.

Mar Haile sir, my Lord lend care

Per Hum, ha

Mar I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited
eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet. She
speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a
griefe might equall yours, if both •were iustly
wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my
state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who
stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time
hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world,
and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I
will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my
cheek, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he
speake

Per My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall
mine, was it not thus, what say you²

Mar I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage,
you would not do me •violence

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me,

your like something that, what Countrey woman
heare of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores, yet I was mortally brought
forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my
dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my
daughter might haue beene My Queenes square
browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-
straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Iewell-like,
and caste as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who
starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them
hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where
doe you lue?

Mar Where I am but a straunger, from the decke,
you may discerne the place

Per Where were you bred? And how atchieu'd you
these indowments which you make more rich to
owe?

Mar If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies
disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethæ speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee,
for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest
a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil
beleue thee, & make senses credit thy relation,
to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest
like one I loued indeede what were thy friends?
didst thou not say when I did push thee backe,
which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst
from good discending

Mar. So indeed I did

Per Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou
hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that
thou thoughts, thy griefs might equal mine, if both
were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand(th) part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience good sir or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would belecue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here

Per. But are you flesh and bloud? •

Haue you a working pulse, and art no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping

Per. O stop there a little, this is a rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where
were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bot-
tome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeeue me twere best I did giue ore

Per I will beleeeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me, &
Brought me to *Metaline*
But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?

It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be

Per Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise, in generall, tell me if thou canst what this mayde is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe

Hel I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,

Being demaunded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse Oh come hither, thou that begetst him that did thee beget,

Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,

Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.

What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell mee now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of king-
domes,

And an other like to *Pericles* thy father

Mar Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say,
my mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my
mother, who did end the minute I began

Per Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child

Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee
is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene
by sauage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou
shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy
verie Princes, who is this?

Hel Sir, tis the gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of
your melancholie state, did come to see you

Per I embrace you, giue me my robes

I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens blesse my
girle,

But harke what Musicke Tell, *Hellicanus*, my
Marina

Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to
doat

How, sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none

Per None, the Musicke of the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

100 *PERDITA AT THE SHEEP-SHEARING*

Perd. Here's flowres for you:

Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with 'Sun
And with him rises, weeping. These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome

Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely lue by gazing.

Perd. Out alas

You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my
fairst Friend),

I would I had some Flowres o' th'Spring, that might
Become your time of day and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon Daffadils,
That corlie before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty. Violets (dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of: and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore

Flor. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if. not to be buried,

But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your
flours,

Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals. Sure this Robe of mine,
Do's change my disposition:

Flor What you do,

Still betters what is done When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so so giue Almes,
Pray so. and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o' th'Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that moue still, still so.

And owne no other Function Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)

Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

101 *PROSPERO'S FAREWELL,*

YE Elues of hils, brooks, standing lakes and groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke

With his owne Bolt The strong bass'd promontorie
 Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
 The Pyne, and Cedar Graues at my command
 Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent Art But this rough Magicke
 I heere abiure and when I haue requir'd
 Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
 To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
 This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le break my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper than did euer Plummet sound
 Ile drowne my booke

102 *MEDEA'S INVOCATION*

YE Ayres and Windes ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes,
 of Woods alone,
 Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye
 euerychone
 Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much
 wondring at the thing)
 I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward
 to their spring
 By charmes I make the calme Seas rough and make
 the rough Seas playne,
 And couer all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them
 thence againe
 By charmes I rayse and lay the windes, and burst the
 Vipers iaw,
 And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees
 doe draw
 Whole Woods and Forestes I remoue I make the
 Mountaines shake,

And euen the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully to
quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues: and thee, O
lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill
soone
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes
the Sun at Noone
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for
my sake,
And caused their vnwiely neckes the bended yoke to
take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre
did set
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were
neuer shet.

103 *BUSBY INVOKES BEHEMOTH*

ME thought the Spirit
(When he had vtter'd his perplext presage)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face;
He knockt his chin against his darkned breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his pow'rs.
Terror of darknesse, O thou King of flames,
That with thy Musique-footed horse dost strike
The cleare light out of chrystall, on dark earth,
And hurlst instructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsie and enchanted night,
That sleepes with dead eyes in this heauy riddle;
Or thou great Prince of shades where neuer sunne
Sticks his far-darted beames, whose eyes are made

To shine in darknesse, and see euer best
 Where men are blindest, open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that for feare,
 Of some ill it includes would faine lie hid,
 And rise thou with it in thy greater light

104 *BYRON CONTEMNS THE RULING OF
 THE STARS*

○ THAT mine armes were wings, that I might flie,
 And pluck out of their hearts my destinie!
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,
 And kick at fate, be free all worthy spirits,
 And stretch your selues, for greatnesse and for height:
 Vntrusse your slaueries, you haue height enough
 • Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you
 Giue me a spirit on this lifes rough sea,
 Loves t'haue his sailes fild with a lustie winde,
 Euen till his Sayle-yeards tremble, his Masts crack,
 And his rapt ship runne on her side so lowe
 That she drinke water, and her keele plowes ayre;
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes
 What life and death is. there's not any law
 Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it lawfull
 That he should stoope to any other lawe.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to him-selfe is a law rationall.

105 THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS

Duchess. I pray-thee looke thou giu'st my little boy
Some sirrop, for his cold, and let the girle
Say her prayers, ere she sleepe. Now what you please,
What death?

Bosola Strangling, here are your Executioners.

Duch. I forgiue them.

The apoplexie, cathar, or cough o' th'loongs,
Would do as much as they do

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch Who would be afraid on't?

Knowing to meete such excellent company
In th'other world

Bos. Yet, me thinkes,

The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrifie you?

Duch. Not a whit—

What would it pleasure me, to haue my throate cut
With diamonds? Or to be smothered

With Cassia? or to be shot to death, with pearles?

I know death hath ten thousand seuerall doores

For men, to take their *Exits* and 'tis found

They go on such strange geometricall hinges,

You may open them both wayes any way, (for
heauen sake)

So I were out of your whispering Tell my brothers,
That I perceiue death, (now I am well awake)

Best guift is, they can giue, or I can take—

I would faine put off my last womans-fault,

I'd not be tedious to you

Executioner. We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body
Bestow vpon my women, will you?

Exec. Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength,
Must pull downe heauen vpon me:
Yet stay, heauen gates are not so highly arch'd
As Princes pallaces—they that enter there
Must go vpon their knees. Come violent death,
Serue for *Mandragora*, to make me sleepe,
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feede in quiet

.

Enter Ferdinand

Ferd Is she dead?

Bos. Shee is what

You'll'd haue her. But here begin your pittie—

(*Shewes the children strangled*)

Alas, how haue these offended?

Ferd The death

Of young Wolfes, is neuer to be pittied

Bos Fix your eye here

Ferd Constantly.

Bos Doe you not weepe?

Other sinnes onely speake, Murther shreikes out.

The Element of water moistens the Earth,

But blood flies vpwards, and bedewes the Heauens

Ferd Couer her face Mine eyes dazell she di'd yong.

Bos. I thinke not so her infelicitie

Seem'd to haue yeeres too many

Ferd. She, and I were Twinnes

And should I die this instant, I had luv'd

Her Time to a Mynute.

PART V

106 *PORTRAIT OF THE MILLER*

THE MILLER was a stout carl, for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a spade.
Up-on the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres,
His nose-thirles blake were and wyde
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde,
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys
He was a jangler and a goliardeys,
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes
Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.
A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggepype wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And ther-with-al he broghte us out of towne.

107 *PORTRAIT OF ALISOUN*

FAIR was this yonge wyf, and ther-with-al
As any wesele hir body gent and smal.
A ceynt she werede barred al of silk,
A barmeclooth eek as whyt as morne milk

Up-on hir lendes, ful of many a gore.
Whyt was hir smok and brouded al bfore
And eek bihinde, on hir coler aboute,
Of col-blak silk, with-inne and eek with-oute.
The tapes of hir whyte voluper
Were of the same suyte of hir coler,
Hir filet brood of silk, and set ful hye.
And sikerly she hadde a likerous ye.
Ful smale y-pulled were hir browes two,
And tho were bent, and blake as any sloo
She was ful more blisful on to see
Than is the newe pere-jonette tree,
And softer than the wolfe is of a wether
And by hir girdel heeng a purs of lether
Tasseld with silk, and perled with latoun.
In al this world, to seken up and down,
There nis no man so wys, that coude thenche
So gay a popelote, or swich a wenche
Ful brighter was the shyning of hir hewe
Than in the tour the noble y-forged newe.
But of hir song, it was as loude and yerne
As any swalwe sittinge on a berne
Ther-to she coude skippe and make game,
As any kide or calf folwinge his dame
Hir mouth was swete as bragot or the meeth
Or hord of apples leyd in hey or heeth.
Winsinge she was, as is a joly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
A brooch she baar up-on hir lowe coler,
As brood as is the bos of a bocler.
Hir shoes were laced on hir legges hye,
She was a prymerole, a pigges-nye
For any lord to leggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

108 *PORTRAIT OF A NUN*

THER was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smylyng was ful simple and coy:
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by seinte Loy,
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
 At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle,
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest
 Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And ful pleasaunt, and amiable of port,
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But, for to speken of hir conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte.

And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene,
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*

109. From PHYLLYP SPAROWE

P^{LACEBO} Who is there, who?
Dilexi
 Dame Margery,
 Fa re my my
 Wherefore and why, why?
 For the sowle of Philip Sparowe
 That was late slayn at Carowe
 Among the Nones Blake
 For that swete soules sake
 And for all sparowes soules
 Set in our bede rolles
Pater noster qui
 With an *Ave Mari*
 And with the corner of a Crede
 The more shalbe your mede.

When I remembre agayn
 How mi Philyp was slayn
 Never halfe the payne
 Was betweene you twayne
 Pyramus and Thesbe
 As than befell to me
 I wept and I wayled
 The tearys down hayled
 But nothings it awayled
 To call Phylp agayne
 Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne.

Gib I saye our cat
 Worrōwyd her on that
 Which I loved best
 It can not be exprest
 My sorrowfull hevynesse
 But all without redresse
 For within that stounde
 Halfe slumbrynge in a sounde
 I fell downe to the grounde
 Unneth I kest myne eyes
 Towarde the cloudy skyes
 But whan I dyd beholde
 My sparow dead and colde
 No creatuer but that wolde
 Have rewed upon me
 To behold and se
 What hevynesse dyd me pange
 Wherewith my handes I wrange
 That my senaws cracked
 As though I had ben racked
 So payned and so strayned
 That no lyfe well nye remayned.

I syghed and I sobbed
 For that I was robbed
 Of my sparowes lyfe.
 O mayden, wydow, and wyfe,
 Of what estate ye be
 Of hye or lowe degre
 Great sorowe than ye myght se
 And lerne to wepe at me!
 Such paynes dyd me frete
 That myne hert dyd bete
 My vysage pale and dead
 Wanne and blewe as lead,
 The panges of hatefull death
 Wellnye had stopped my breath.

Heu heu me

That I am wo for thé'
Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi
 Of God nothyng els crave I
 But Phyllypes soule to kepe
 From the marees deepe
 Of Acherontes well
 That is a flode of hell
 And from the great Pluto
 The prynce of endles wo
 And fro foule Alecto
 With vysage black and blo
 And from Medusa that mare
 That lyke a fende doth stare
 And from Megeras edders
 For rufflyng of Phillips fethers
 And from her fyry sparklynges
 For burnyng of his wynges
 And from the smokes sowre
 Of Proserpinas bowre

And from the dennes darke
 Wher Cerberus doth barke
 Whom Theseus dyd afraye
 Whom Hercules dyd outraye
 As famous poetes say
 From that hell-hounde
 That lyeth in cheynes bounde
 With gastly hedes thre
 To Jupyter pray we
 That Phyllyp preserved may be!
 Amen say ye with me!

Domnus,

Helpe nowe swete Jesus!
Levavi oculos meos in montes
 Wolde God I had Zenophontes
 Or Socrates the wyse
 To shew me their devyse
 Moderately to take
 This sorow that I make
 For Phyllyp Sparowes sake
 So fervently I shake
 I fele my body quake
 So urgently I am brought
 Into carefull thought
 Like Andromach Hectors wyfe
 Was wery of her lyfe
 Whan she had lost her ioye
 Noble Hector of Troye
 In lyke maner also
 Encreaseth my dedly wo
 For my sparowe is go

I was so pretty a fole
 It wold set on a stole

And lerned after my scole
 For to kepe his cut
 With *Phyllyp kepe your cut!*

It had a velvet cap
 And wold syt upon my lap
 And seke after small wormes
 And somtyme white bred crommes
 And many tymes and ofte
 Betwene my brestes softe
 It wolde lye and rest,
 It was propre and prest
 Somtyme he wolde gaspe
 Whan he sawe a waspe
 A fly or a gnat
 He wolde flye at that
 And prytely he wold pant
 Whan he saw an ant
 Lord, how he wolde pry
 After the butterfly
 Lorde, how he wolde hop
 After the gressop
 And whan I sayd, Phyp Phyp
 Than he wold lepe and skyp
 And take me by the lyp
 Alas it wyll me slo
 That Phyllyp is gone me fro

Si iniquitates

Alas I was evyll at ease¹

De profundis clamavi

Whan I sawe my sparowe dye¹

.

That vengeaunce I aske and crye
 By way of exclamacyon

On the hole nacyon
 Of cattes wylde and tame;
 God send them sorowe and shame!
 That cat especyally
 That slew so cruelly
 My lytell prety sparowe
 That I brought up at Carowe
 O cat of carlyshe kynde
 The fynde was in thy mynde
 Whan thou my byrde untwynde!
 I wold thou haddest ben blynde!
 The leopardes savage
 The lyons in theyr rage
 Myght catche thé in theyr pawes
 And gnawe thé in theyr jawes
 The serpentes of Lybany
 Myght styngé thé venymously
 The dragons with their tonges
 Might poyson thy lyver and longes
 The mantycors of the montaynes
 Myght fede them on thy braynes * . .

 Of Inde the greddy grypes
 Myght tere out all thy trypes!
 Of Arcady the beares
 Might plucke away thyne eares!
 The wylde wolfe Lycaon
 Byte asondre thy backe bone!
 Of Ethna the brennyngé hyll
 That day and night brenneth styl
 Set in thy tayle a blase
 That al the world may gase
 And wonder upon thé
 From Occyan the greate se
 Unto the Iles of Orchady

From Tyllbery fery
 To the playne of Salysbery!
 So trayterously my byrde to kyll
 That never ought thé evyll wyll!

Alas, for dolefull desteny
 But whereto shuld I
 Lenger morne or crye?
 To Jupyter I call
 Of heven emper emperyall
 That Phyllyp may fly
 Above the starry sky
 To treade the pretty wren,
 That is our Ladyes hen
 Amen amen amen!

110 SATAN

THUS Satan talking to his neerest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarios or *Typhon*, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream.
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind

Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays:
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake .

III SATAN VERSUS GABRIEL

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd
Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoaik, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turnd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd.
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield now dreadful
deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope

Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,
 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
 Battels and Realms in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight,
 The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam,

.
 The Fiend lookt up and knew
 His mounted scale aloft nor more, but fled
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night

112 NOTE

THE reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote
 of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils
 and Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the
 Devil's party without knowing it

113 LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose
 Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
 Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
 Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
 Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those
 And now upon his western wing he leaned,
 Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
 Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.

Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
 With memory of the old revolt from Awe, ,
 He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
 Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank
 Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law

114 *MOLOCH'S SPEECH*

MY sentence is for open Warr Of Wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
 The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
 O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer, when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels, and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat· descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then,
Th' event is fear'd, should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing houre
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing, and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne.
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.

115 INVOCATION TO URANIA

DESCEND from Heav'n, *Urania*, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
 Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,
 Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing
 The meaning, not the Name I call· for thou
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
 Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
 Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song Up led by thee
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,
 Thy tempring, with like safetie guided down
 Return me to my Native Element
 Lest from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
 Dismounted, on th' *Alerian* Field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne
 Half yet remaines unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Spheare,
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
 On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
 And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance

Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
 Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
 To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
 Both Harp and Voice, nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son So fail not thou, who thee implores
 For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame

116 INVOCATION

. . . URANIA, I shall need
 Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
 Descend to earth or dwell in highest 'heaven'
 For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
 Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
 To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
 All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
 That ever was put forth in personal form—
 Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
 Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones—
 I pass them unalarmed Not Chaos, not
 The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
 Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
 By help of dreams—can breed such fear and awe
 As fall upon us often when we look
 Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
 My haunt, and the main region of my song
 —Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
 Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
 Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
 From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
 Pitches her tents before me as I move,
 An hourly neighbour Paradise, and groves

Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
 Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should they be
 A history only of departed things,
 Or a mere fiction of what never was?
 For the discerning intellect of Man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find these
 A simple produce of the common day
 —I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
 Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
 Of this great consummation —and, by words
 Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
 Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
 Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
 To noble raptures, while my voice proclaims
 How exquisitely the individual Mind
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
 Of the whole species) to the external World
 Is fitted —and how exquisitely, too—
 Theme this but little heard of among men—
 The external World is fitted to the Mind, ›
 And the creation (by no lower name
 Can it be called) which they with blended might
 Accomplish —this is our high argument
 —Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
 Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
 Of madding passions mutually inflamed,
 Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
 Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
 Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
 Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
 Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
 Have their authentic comment; that even these

Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!¹—
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come, and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight, that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure,
Itself, from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway
Throughout the nether sphere!¹—And if with this
I mix more lowly matter, with the thing
Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man
Contemplating, and who, and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision, when and where, and how he lived;—
Be not this labour useless If such theme
May sort with highest objects, then—dread Power!
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination,—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners,—nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom —all pure thoughts
Be with me,—so shall thy unfailing love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!¹

117 *CHORUS from SAMSON AGONISTES**Semichorus*

While thir hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting thir Idol, and preferring

Before our living Dread who dwells
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt thir minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in hast for thir destroyer;
 They only set on sport and play
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As thir own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichorus

But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated
 His fierie vertue rouz'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic Fowl, but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.
 So vertue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begott'n bird
 In the *Arabian* woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay e're while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most

When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird ages of lives

118 *TINTERN ABBEY*

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters¹ and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur —Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees¹
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all—I cannot paint
What then I was The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth, of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive, well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy. for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress

With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together, and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

119 *THE STOLEN BOAT*

ONE summer evening (led by her) I found
 A little boat tied to a willow tree
 Within a rocky cave, its usual home
 Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
 Pushed from the shore It was an act of stealth
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on,
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
 Until they melted all into one track
 Of sparkling light But now, like one who rows,
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
 The horizon's utmost boundary, far above
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky
 She was an elfin pinnace, lustily
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat '
 Went heaving through the water like a swan;
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then
 The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head I struck and struck again,
 And growing still in stature the grim shape
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
 And measured motion like a living thing,
 Strode after me With trembling oars I turned,
 And through the silent water stole my way
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—

And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
 And serious mood; but after I had seen
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude
 Or blank desertion No familiar shapes
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields,
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

120 *PROMETHEUS BOUND*

THE crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
 Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones
 Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up
 My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
 Mocking me and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
 When the rocks split and close again behind
 While from their loud abysses howling throng
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail
 And yet to me welcome is day and night,
 Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
 Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
 The leaden-coloured east; for then they lead
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom—

As some dark Priest hales the reluctant victim—
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
 From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
 If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
 Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
 Will hunt thee undefended through wide Heaven!
 How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
 Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
 Not exultation, for I hate no more,
 As then ere misery made me wise.

121 *REGENERATION*

WE are what suns and winds and waters make us;
 The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
 Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
 But where the land is dim from tyranny,
 There tiny pleasures occupy the place
 Of glories and of duties, as the feet
 Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down
 Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
 Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,
 Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
 That burst into existence from the froth
 Of ever-varying ocean what is best
 Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deformed.
 The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
 The passions flourish, the affections die.
 O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
 That fillest all the space between the seas,
 Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
 To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,
 What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'tis the breath

Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of his right-hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man Thou recreant slave
That sittest afar off and helpest not,
O thou degenerate Albion! with what shame
Do I survey thee, pushing forth the sponge
At thy spear's length, in mockery at the thirst
Of holy Freedom in his agony,
And prompt and keen to pierce the wounded side!

122 *From GEBIR, BOOK ONE*

I

BUT I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch; where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there

2

Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her, she was gone, gone down to the tide;
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half uprear'd

123. *SONG from ORION*

THE scarf of gold you sent to me, was bright
 As any streak on cloud or sea, when morn
 Or sun-set light most lovely strives to be.
 But that delicious hour can come no more,
 When, on the wave-lulled shore, mutely we sat,
 And felt love's power, which melted in fast dews
 Our being and our fate, as doth a shower
 Deep foot-marks left upon a sandy moor
 We thought not of our mountains and our streams,
 Our birth-place, and the home of our life's date,
 But only of our dreams—and heaven's blest face
 Never renew thy vision, passionate lover—
 Heart-rifled maiden—nor the hope pursue,
 If once it vanish from thee, but believe
 'Tis better thou shouldst rue this sweet loss ever
 Than newly grieve, or risk another chill
 On false love's icy river, which betraying
 With mirrors bright to see, and voids beneath,
 Its broken spell should find no faith in thee

124. *SIGURD AND BRYNHILD*

THEN spake the Son of Sigmund 'Fairest, and most
 of worth,
 Hast thou seen the ways of man-folk and the regions of
 the earth?
 Then speak yet more of wisdom, for most meet meseems
 it is
 That my soul to thy soul be shapen, and that I should
 know thy bliss.'

So she took his right hand meekly, nor any word would
say,
Not e'en of love or praising, his longing to delay;
And they sat on the side of Hindfell, and their fain eyes
looked and loved,
As she told of the hidden matters whereby the world is
moved
And she told of the framing of all things, and the houses
of the heaven,
And she told of the star-worlds' courses, and how the
winds be driven,
And she told of the Norns and their names, and the fate
that abideth the earth,
And she told of the ways of King-folk in their anger and
their mirth,
And she spake of the love of women, and told of the
flame that burns,
And the fall of mighty houses, and the friend that falters
and turns,
And the lurking blinded vengeance, and the wrong that
amendeth wrong,
And the hand that repenteth its stroke, and the grief
that endureth for long;
And how man shall bear and forbear, and be master of
all that is;
And how man shall measure it all, the wrath, and the
grief, and the bliss

'I saw the body of Wisdom, and of shifting guise was
she wrought,
And I stretched out my hands to hold her, and a mote
of the dust they caught;
And I prayed her to come for my teaching, and she
came in the midnight dream—

And I woke and might not remember, nor betwixt her
tangle deem:

She spake, and how might I hearken; I heard and how
might I know,

I knew, and how might I fashion, or her hidden glory
show?

All things I have told thee of Wisdom are but fleeting
images

Of her hosts that abide in the heavens, and her light that
Allfather sees.

Yet wise is the sower that sows, and wise is the reaper
that reaps,

And wise is the smith in his smiting, and wise is the
warder that keeps

And wise shalt thou be to deliver, and I shall be wise to
desire,

—And lo, the tale that is told, and the sword and the
wakening fire!

Come now, O Bane of the Serpent, for now is the high-
noon come,

And the sun hangeth over Hindfell and looks on the
earth-folk's home,

But the soul is so great within thee, and so glorious are
thine eyes,

And me so love constraineth, and mine heart that was
called the wise,

That we twain may see men's dwellings and the house
where we shall dwell,

And the place of our life's beginning, where the tale
shall be to tell.

So they climb the burg of Hindfell, and hand in hand
they fare,

Till all about and above them is nought but the sunlit air,

And there close they cling together rejoicing in their
mirth;
For far away beneath them lie the kingdoms of the
earth,
And the garths of men-folk's dwellings and the streams
that water them,
And the rich and plenteous acres, and the silver ocean's
hem,
And the woodland wastes and the mountains, and all
that holdeth all,
The house and the ship and the island, the loom and the
mine and the stall,
The beds of bane and healing, the crafts that slay and
save,
The temple of God and the Doom-ring, the cradle and
the grave

125 *From PARACELSUS V*

THE centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face,
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
God joys therein! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanos come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame—
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride!
Then all is still; earth is a wintry clod
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure

Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
 The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
 Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
 The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with
 blooms

Like chrysalids impatient for the air,
 The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
 Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
 Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
 Soars up and up, shivering for very joy,
 Afar the ocean sleeps, white fishing-gulls
 Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
 Of nested limpets, savage creatures seek
 Their loves in w'ood and plain—and God renews
 His ancient rapture¹

126 *The end of SOHRAB AND RUSTUM*

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son
 As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
 His house, now, 'mid their broken flights of steps,
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son

And night came down over the solemn waste,
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
 And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus Soon a hum arose,
 As of a great assembly loos'd, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog for now
 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal:

The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward; The Tartars by the river marge:
And Rustum and his son were left alone

But the majestic River floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil'd circuitous wanderer —till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

127 *The end of THE DAFFODIL FIELDS*

THEY let her lie
While the dim moon died out upon the air,
And happy sunlight coloured all the sky.
The last cock crowed for morning, carts went by;
Smoke rose from cottage chimneys; from the byre
The yokes went clanking by, to dairy, through the mire.

In the day's noise the water's noise was stilled,
But still it slipped along, the cold hill-spring,
Dropping from leafy hollows, which it filled,

On to the pebbly shelves which made it sing;
Glints glittered on it from the 'fisher's wing;
It saw the moorhen nesting; then it stayed
In a great space of reeds where merry otters played.

Slowly it loitered past the shivering reeds
Into a mightier water, thence its course
Becomes a pasture where the salmon feeds,
Wherein no bubble tells its humble source,
But the great waves go rolling, and the horse
Snorts at the bursting waves and will not drink,
And the great ships go outward, bubbling to the brink,

Outward, with men upon them, stretched in line,
Handling the halliards to the ocean's gates,
Where flicking windflaws fill the air with brine,
And all the ocean opens Then the mates
Cry, and the sunburnt crew no longer waits,
But sings triumphant, and the topsail fills
To this old tale of woe among the daffodils

128 *ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

129 HECTOR TO ANDROMACHE

‘**A**ND such a stormy day shall come, in minde and soule
 I know,
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towres, for teares of
 ouerthrow;
 When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, shall in those
 teares be drownd
 But neither Troyes posteritie, so much my soule doth
 wound
Priam, nor *Hecuba* her selfe, nor all my brothers woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for
 foes)
 As thy sad state, when some rude Greeke shall leade
 thee weeping hence,
 These three dayes clouded, and a night, of captiue
 violence
 Loding thy temples out of which, thine eyes must neuer
 see,
 But spin the Greeke wiues, webs of taske; and their
 Fetch-water be,
 To Argos, from Messeides, or cleare Hyperias spring:
 Which (howsoever thou abhorst) Fate's such a shrewish
 thing,
 She will be mistrisse; whose curst hands, when they
 shall crush out cries
 From thy oppressions, (being held by other enemies)

Thus they will nourish thy extremes. This dame was
Hectors wife,

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the
 worthiest life

Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull
 wounds,

To misse the man, that to thy bands, could giue such
 narrow bounds.

But that day shall not wound mine eyes, the solide
 heape of night

Shall interpose, and stop mine cares, against thy plaints
 and plight.

This said, he reacht to take his sonne who (of his
 armes afraid;

And then the horse-haire plume, with which, he was so
 ouerlaid,

Nodded so horribly) he clingd backe to his Nurse, and
 cride

Laughter affected his great Sire, who doft, and laid
 aside

His fearfull Helme, that on the earth, cast round about
 it, light,

Then tooke and kist his louing sonne, and (ballancing
 his weight

In dancing him) these louing vowes, to liuing *Ioue* he
 vsde,

And all the other bench of Gods 'O you that haue
 infusde

Soule to this Infant, now set downe, this blessing on his
 starre:

And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to
 come may yeeld

His facts this fame, (when rich in spoiles, he leaues the
 conquerd field

Sown with his slaughters :) These high deeds, exceed his
 fathers worth
 And let this eccho'd praise supply, the comforts to come
 forth
 Of his kinde mother, with my life ' This said; th'
 Heroicke Sire
 Gaue him his mother; whose faire eyes, fresh streames
 of loues salt fire,
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare, the last of *Hectors*
 speech,
 In which his vowes comprisde the summe, of all he did
 beseech
 In her wisht comfort So she tooke, into her odorous
 brest,
 Her husbands gift, who (mou'd to see her heart so
 much opprest)
 He dried her teares, and thus desir'd 'Afflict me not
 (deare wife)
 With those vaine griefes, He doth not lue, that can
 disioyne my life
 And this flme bosome, but my Fate, and Fate, whose
 wings can flie?
 Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls Once borne, the best
 must dye '

130 *ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME*

YET come it will, the Day decreed by Fates;
 (How my Heart trembles while my Tongue re-
 lates!)

The Day when thou, Imperial *Troy*! must bend,
 And see thy Warriors fall, thy Glories end.
 And yet no dire Presage go wounds my Mind,
 My Mother's Death, the Ruin of my Kind,

Not *Priam's* hoary Hairs defil'd with Gore,
 Not all my Brothers gasping on the Shore;
 As thine, *Andromache*! thy Griefs I dread,
 I see thee trembling, weeping, Captive led!
 In *Argive* Looms our Battels to design,
 And Woes, of which so large a Part was thine!
 To bear the Victor's hard Commands, or bring
 The Weight of Waters from *Hyperia's* Spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the Load of Life,
 They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector's* Wife!
 Some haughty *Greek* who lives thy Tears to see,
 Embitters all thy Woes, by naming me
 The Thoughts of Glory past, and present Shame,
 A thousand Griefs shall waken at the Name!
 May I lie cold before that dreadful Day,
 Press'd with a Load of Monumental Clay!
 Thy *Hector* wrapt in everlasting Sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep
 Thus having spoke, th' illustrious Chief of *Troy*
 Stretch'd his fond Arms to clasp the lovely Boy
 The Babe clung crying to his Nurse's Breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling Helm, and nodding Crest.
 With secret Pleasure each fond Parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his Child,
 The glitt'ring Terrors from his Brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming Helmet on the Ground.

PART VI

131 THE FIRST EVENING IN PARADISE

Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung,
Silence was pleas'd now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs *Hesperus* that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw

When *Adam* thus to *Eve* Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids, other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploud, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies,
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,

Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop thir wanton growth:
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gums,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest

To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,
God is thy Law, thou mine to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and thir change, all please alike
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest Birds, pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,
Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

132. WONDER

I

How like an Angel came I down!
How Bright are all Things here!
When first among his Works I did appear
O how their GLORY me did Crown?
The World resembled his *Eternitie*,
In which my Soul did Walk,
And evry Thing that I did see,
Did with me talk

2

The Skies in their Magnificence,
The Lively, Lovely Air,
Oh how Divine, how Soft, how Sweet, how fair!
The Stars did entertain my Sence,
And all the Works of GOD so Bright and pure,
So Rich and Great did seem,
As if they ever must endure,
In my Esteem.

3

A Native Health and Innocence
Within my Bones did grow,
And while my GOD did all his Glories shew,
I felt a Vigour in my Sence
That was all SPIRIT I within did flow
With Seas of Life, like Wine;
I nothing in the World did know,
But 'twas Divine.

4

Harsh ragged Objects were conceald,
Oppressions Tears and Cries,
Sins, Griefs, Complaints, Dissentions, Weeping Eys,
Were hid and only Things reveald,
Which Heav'nly Spirits, and the Angels prize
The State of Innocence
And Bliss, not Trades and Poverties,
Did fill my Sence

5

The Streets were pavd with Golden Stones,
The Boys and Girles were mine,
Oh how did all their Lovly faces shine!
The Sons of Men were Holy Ones.
In Joy, and Beauty, then appear'd to me,
And evry Thing which here I found,
While like an Angel I did See,
Adorn'd the Ground

6

Rich Diamond and Pearl and Gold
In evry Place was seen,
Rare Splendors, Yellow, Blew, Red, White and Green,
Mine Eys did evry where behold
Great Wonders cloth'd with Glory did appear,
Amazement was my Bliss
That and my Wealth was evry where
No Joy to this!

7

Curs'd and Devis'd Proprieties,
With Envy, Avarice
And Fraud, those Feinds that Spoyle even Paradise,
Fled from the Splendor of mine Eys.

And so did Hedges, Ditches, Limits, Bounds,
 I dreamd not ought of those,
 But wanderd over all mens Grounds,
 And found Repose.

8

Proprieties themselvs were mine,
 And Hedges Ornaments,
 Walls, Boxes, Coffers, and their rich Contents
 Did not Divide my Joys, but all combine.
 Clothes, Ribbans, Jewels, Laces, I esteemd
 My Joys by others worn,
 For me they all to wear them seemd
 When I was born.

133 THE RETREATE

HAPPY those early dayes¹ when I
 Shin'd in my Angell-infancy.
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought
 But a white, Celestiall thought,
 When yet I had not walkt above
 A mile, or two, from my first love,
 And looking back (at that short space,)
 Could see a glimpse of his bright-face,
 When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity,
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My Conscience with a sinfull sound,

Or had the black art to dispence
 A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travell back
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plaine,
 Where first I left my glorious traine,
 From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
 That shady City of Palme trees;
 But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move,
 And when this dust falls to the urn
 In that state I came return

134 ODE

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief,
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong
The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay,
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday,
Thou Child of Joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd Boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make, I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling,

On every side,
In a thousand vallies far and wide,
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy,
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

135. *From DEJECTION AN ODE*

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars,
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue,
I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west.
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth.

Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan.
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul

136 *TO R B*

THE fine delight that fathers thought, the strong
Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame,
Breathes once and, quenched faster than it came,
Leaves yet the mind a mother of immortal song
Nine months she then, nay years, nine years she long
Within her wears, bears, cares and combs the same:
The widow of an insight lost she lives, with aim
Now known and hand at work now never wrong.

Sweet fire the sire of muse, my soul needs this;
I want the one rapture of an inspiration
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely breathes that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

137. *A LAMENT*

O WORLD! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more—Oh, never more!

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight,
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more!

138 *FRAGMENT*

THE babe is at peace within the womb,
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb
 We begin in what we end

139 *TIME*

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality,
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth, on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea?

140 SONG

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away
How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not
As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed,
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear •
Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure,
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.
I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Everything almost
 Which is Nature's, and may be
 Untainted by man's misery

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
 As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
 What difference? but thou dost possess
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
 But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
 Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
 Make once more my heart thy home.

141 *IN TIME OF PESTILENCE*

ADIEU, farewell earths blisse,
 This world vncertaine is,
 Fond are lifes lustfull ioyes,
 Death proues them all but toyes,
 None from his darts can flye,
 I am sick, I must dye
 Lord, haue mercy on vs.

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Phisick himselfe must fade.
 All things to end are made,

The plague full swift goes bye;
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, haue mercy on vs.

Beauty is but a flowre,
Which wrinckles will deuoure,
Brightnesse falls from the ayre,
Queenes haue died yong and faire,
Dust hath closde *Helens* eye.
I am sick, I must dye.
Lord, haue mercy on vs.

Strength stoopes vnto the graue,
Wormes feed on *Hector* braue,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate
Come, come, the bells do crye.
I am sick, I must dye
Lord, haue mercy on vs.

Wit with his wantonnesse
Tasteth deaths bitterness
Hels executioner
Hath no cares for to heare
What vaine art can reply
I am sick, I must dye.
Lord, haue mercy on vs.

Haste therefore eche degree,
To welcome destiny.
Heauen is our heritage,
Earth but a players stage,
Mount wee vnto the sky.
I am sick, I must dye:
Lord, haue mercy on vs.

142 *THE LIE*

GOE soule the bodies guest
G vpon a thankelesse arrant,
Feare not to touch the best
the truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe since I needs must die,
and giue the world the lie

Say to the Court it glowes,
and shines like rotten wood,
Say to the Church it showes
whats good, and doth no good.
If Church and Court reply,
then giue them both the lie

Tell Potentates they lue
acting by others action,
Not loued vnlesse they giue,
not strong but by affection.
If Potentates reply,
giue Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
that mannage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
their practise onely hate
And if they once reply,
then giue them all the lie

Tell them that braue it most,
they beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
like nothing but commending.
And if they make reple,
then giue them all the lie

Tell zeale it wants deuotion
 tell loue it is but lust,
Tell time it meets but motion,
 tell flesh it is but dust
And wish them not replie
 for thou must giue the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
 tell honour how it alters
Tell beauty how she blasteth
 tell fauour how it falters,
And as they shall reply,
 giue euery one the lie

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 in tickle points of nycenesse,
Tell wisdom she entangles
 her selfe in ouer wisesnesse.
And when they doe reply
 straight giue them both the lie.

Tell Phisicke of her boldnes,
 tell skill it is preuention
Tel charity of coldnes,
 tell law it is contention,
And as they doe reply
 so giue them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse,
 tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of vnkindnesse,
 tell iustice of delay
And if they will reply,
 then giue them all the lie.

Tell Arts they haue no soundnesse,
 but vary by esteeming,
 Tell schooles they want profoundnes
 and stand too much on seeming.
 If Arts and schooles reply,
 giue arts and schooles the lie.

Tell faith its fled the Citie,
 tell how the country erreth,
 Tell manhood shakes off pittie,
 tell vertue least preferreth
 And if they doe reply,
 spare not to giue the lie.

So when thou hast as I
 commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to giue the lie,
 deserues no lesse than stabbing,
 Stab at thee he that will,
 no stab thy soule can kill.

143 *CHORUS SACERDOTUM*

OH wearisome Condition of Humanity!
 Borne vnder one Law, to another bound:
 Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity;
 Created sicke, commanded to be sound:
 What meaneth Nature by these diuerse Lawes?
 Passion and Reason, selfe-diuisiō cause.
 Is it the marke or Majestie of Power
 To make offences that it may forgiue?
 Nature herselfe doth her owne selfe defloure,
 To hate those errours she herselfe doth giue.

For how should man thinke that he may not doe
 If Nature did not faile, and punish too?
 Tyrant to others, to her selfe vnjust,
 Onely commands things difficult and hard;
 Forbids vs all things which it knowes is lust,
 Makes easie paines, vnpossible reward.
 If Nature did not take delight in blood,
 She would haue made more easie wayes to good.
 We that are bound by vowes, and by Promotion,
 With pompe of holy Sacrifice and rites,
 To teach beleefe in good and still deuotion,
 To preach of Heauens wonders, and delights:
 Yet when each of vs in his owne heart lookes,
 He findes the Gbd there, farre vnlike his Bookes.

144 *GROWING OLD*

WHAT is it to grow old?
 Is it to lose the glory of the form,
 The lustre of the eye?
 Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
 —Yes, but not this alone

Is it to feel our strength—
 Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
 Is it to feel each limb
 Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
 Each nerve more loosely strung?

Yes, this, and more, but not,
 Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
 'Tis not to have our life
 Mellow'd and soften'd as wth sunset-glow,
 A golden day's decline.

'Tis not to see the world
 As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
 And heart profoundly stirr'd,
 And weep, and feel the fulness of the past,
 The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
 And not once feel that we were ever young;
 It is to add, immured
 In the hot prison of the present, month
 To month with weary pain

It is to suffer this,
 And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
 Deep in our hidden heart
 Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
 But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
 When we are frozen up within, and quite
 The phantom of ourselves,
 To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
 Which blamed the living man

145 *RABBI BEN EZRA*

GROW old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made.
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith 'A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half, trust God see all, nor be afra
 Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours,

Which lily leave and then as best recall?
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends
them all!

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men,
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
crammed beast?

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the
throe!

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
scale.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute, a God though in the germ.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold.
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth' here dies another day'

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
'This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account,
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
 shaped

So, take and use Thy work
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand'
 Perfect the cup as planned'
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

146 *MAESIA'S SONG*

SWEET are the thoughts that saour of content,
 The quiet mind is richer than a crowne,
 Sweet are the nights in carelesse slumber spent,
 the poore estate scornes fortunes angrie frowne.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such blis
 beggars inioy, when Princes oft do mis.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
 the cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The meane that grees with Countrie musick best,
 the sweet consort of mirth and musicks fare,
 Obscured life sets downe a type of blis,
 a minde content both crowne and kingdome is.

147. *THE HERDMEN*

WHAT pleasure haue great princes,
 more dainty to their choice,
 then heardmen wyld, who care-lesse
 in quiet lyfe reioyce,
 & fortunes fate not fearing,
 sing sweet in Sommer morning?

Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
 are void of all disceit,
 They neuer know how spightfull,
 it is to kneele and waite
 on fauorite presumptius,
 whose pride is vaine and sumptuous

All day their flocks ech tendeth,
 at night they take their rest,
 more quiet then who sendeth,
 his shippe into the East,
 where gold and pearle are plentie,
 but getting verie dantie

For Lawiers and their pleading
 the' esteeme it not a straw,
 they thinke that honest meaning,
 is of it selfe a law,

where conscience iudgeth plainelie,
they spend no monie vainelie.

O happie who thus lueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which suffiseth
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet

148 *BALADE DE BON CONSEYL*

FLEE fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,
Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikellesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal,
Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede,
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal.
Gret reste stant in litel besinesse;
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al,
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal
Daunte thy-self, that dauntest otheres dede,
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

ENVOY

Therefore, thou Vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse
 Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
 Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
 Made thee of noght, and in especial
 Draw unto him, and pray in general
 For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
 And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

149. *From APPLETON HOUSE*

THE *Nightingale* does here make choice
 To sing the Tryals of her Voice
 Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
 With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
 But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
 And listning Elders prick the Ear.
 The Thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
 Within the Skin its shrunkn claws

But I have for my Musick found
 A Sadder, yet more pleasing Sound:
 The *Stock-doves*, whose fair necks are grac'd
 With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chaste;
 Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
 Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
 O why should such a Couple mourn,
 That in so equal Flames do burn!

Then as I carless on the Bed
 Of gelid *Straw-berryes* do tread,
 And through the *Hazles* thick espy
 The hatching *Thrustles* shining Eye,

The *Heron* from the Ashes top,
The eldest of its young lets drop,
As if it Stork-like did pretend
That *Tribute* to its *Lord* to send

But most the *Hewel's* wonders are,
Who here has the *Holt-felsters* care.
He walks still upright from the Root,
Meas'ring the Timber with his Foot;
And all the way, to keep it clean,
Doth from the Bark the Wood-moths glean.
He, with his Beak, examines well
Which fit to stand and which to fell.

The good he numbers up, and hacks;
As if he mark'd them with the Ax.
But where he, tinkling with his Beak,
Does find the hollow Oak to speak,
That for his building he designs,
And through the tainted Side he mines.
Who could have thought the *tallest Oak*
Should fall by such a *feeble Strok*?¹

Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
A *Traitor-worm*, within it bred
(As first our *Flesh* corrupt within
Tempts impotent and bashful *Sin*)
And yet that *Worm* triumphs not long,
But serves to feed the *Hewels young*
While the Oake seems to fall content,
Viewing the Treason's Punishment.

Thus I, *easie Philosopher*,
Among the *Birds* and *Trees* confer.

And little now to make me, wants
 Or of the *Fowles*, or of the *Plants*.
 Give me but Wings as they, and I
 Streight floting on the Air shall fly.
 Or turn me but, and you shall see
 I was but an inverted Tree.

Already I begin to call
 In their most learned Original
 And where I Language want, my Signs
 The Bird upon the Bough divines,
 And more attentive there doth sit
 Than if She were with Lime-twigs knit
 No Leaf does tremble in the Wind
 Which I returning cannot find

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* Leaves
 Strange *Prophecies* my Phancy weaves
 And in one *History* consumes,
 Like *Mexique Paintings*, all the *Plumes*
 What *Rome*, *Greece*, *Palestine*, ere said
 I in this light *Mosaick* read
 Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
 Hath read in *Natures mystick Book*

And see how Chance's better Wit
 Could with a Mask my studies hit!
 The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
 Between which Caterpillars crawl
 And Ivy, with familiar trails,
 Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
 Under this *antick Cope* I move
 Like some great *Prelate of the Grove*

.

Bind me ye *Woodbines* in your 'twines,
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,
And Oh so close your Circles lace,
That I may never leave this Place:
But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
And courteous *Briars* nail me through

Here in the Morning tie my Chain,
Where the two Woods have made a Lane,
While, like a *Guard* on either side,
The Trees before their *Lord* divide;
This, like, a long and equal Thread,
Betwixt two *Labyrinths* does lead
But, where the Floods did lately drown,
There at the Ev'ning stake me down.

For now the Waves are fal'n and dry'd,
And now the Meadows fresher dy'd,
Whose Grass, with moister colour dasht,
Seems as green Silks but newly washt.
No *Serpent* new nor *Crocodile*
Remains behind our little *Nile*;
Unless it self you will mistake,
Among these Meads the only Snake

See in what wanton harmless folds
It ev'ry where the Meadow holds,
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a *Chrystal Mirrour* slick,
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it or without.
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus like, the *Sun* too pines.

Oh what a Pleasure 'tis to hedge
 My Temples here with heavy sedge;
 Abandoning my lazy Side,
 Stretcht as a Bank unto the Tide;
 Or to suspend my sliding Foot
 On the Osiers undermined Root,
 And in its Branches tough to hang,
 While at my Lines the Fishes twang!

150 *THE GARDEN*

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes,
 And their uncessant Labours see
 Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree
 Whose short and narrow verged Shade
 Does prudently their Toyles upbraid,
 While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
 To weave the Garlands of repose

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence thy Sister dear!
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busie Companies of Men.
 Your sacred Plants, if here below,
 Only among the Plants will grow.
 Society is all but rude,
 To this delicious Solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So am'rous as this lovely green
 Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
 Cut in these Trees their Mistress name

Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties Hers exceed !
Fair Trees ! where s'eer your barks I wound,
No Name shall but your own be found

When we have run our Passions heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The *Gods*, that mortal Beauty chase,
Still in a Tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted *Daphne* so,
Only that She might Laurel grow.
And *Pan* did after *Syrinx* speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead !
Ripe Apples drop about my head ,
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine,
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ,
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass'

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness :
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Does streight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other Worlds, and other Seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide .

There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
 Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
 And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
 Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
 While Man there walk'd without a Mate.
 After a Place so pure, and sweet,
 What other Help could yet be meet!
 But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
 To wander solitary there
 Two Paradises 'twere in one
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
 Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new,
 Where from above the milder Sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run,
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
 Computes its time as well as we
 How could such sweet and wholesome Hours
 Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

151 CHARLES XII

ON what Foundation stands the Warrior's Pride?
 How just his Hopes let *Swedish Charles* decide;
 A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
 No Dangers fright him and no Labours tire,
 O'er Love, o'er Fear, extends his wide Domain,
 Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;
 No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
 War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;

Behold surrounding Kings their pow'rs combine,
 And One capitulate, and One resign:
 Peace courts his Hand, but spreads her Charms in vain;
 'Think Nothing gain'd', he cries, 'till nought remain,
 'On *Moscow's* Walls till *Gothic* standards fly,
 'And all be Mine beneath the Polar Sky'
 The March begins in Military State,
 And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,
 And Winter barricades the Realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor Want nor Cold his Course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide *Pultowa's* day
 The vanquish'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,
 And shows his Miseries in distant Lands;
 Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,
 While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate
 But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
 Did no subverted Empire mark his End?
 Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
 Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?
 His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand, •
 A petty Fortress, and a dubious Hand,
 He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
 To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale

152 CONTENT

FOR to restraint, unpractic'd in deceit,
 Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
 To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lye,
 Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
 Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:

Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
 Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
 Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
 Calm, independent, let me steal thro' life,
 Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
 To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
 Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
 And look on riches with untainted eye
 To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
 Content shall place us far above them all.

153 SONG

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
 The sun hath motes as many,
 The skie is full of starres, and loue
 As full of woes as any
 Beleeue me, that doe knowe the elfe,
 And make no tryall by thyselfe

It is in trueth a prettie toye
 For babes to play withall,
 But O' the honies of our youth
 Are oft our ages gall'
 Selfe-proofe in time will make thee know'
 He was a prophet told thee so

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
 Tels trueth without beliefe;
 For headstrong youth will runne his race,
 Although his goale be grieffe
 Loues Martyr, when his heate is past,
 Prooues Cares confessor at the last.

154. *THE BASKET-MAKER'S SONG*

ART thou poore, yet hast thou golden Slumbers?
 O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy minde perplexed?
 O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour beares a louely face;
 Then hey noney, noney; hey noney, noney!

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring?
 O sweet content!

Swimst thou in wealth, yet sinck'st in thine own teares?
 O punishment!

Then hee that patiently wants burden beares,
 No burden bears but is a King, a King!

O sweet content, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour beares a louely face;
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney!

155 *From RELIGIO LAICI*

DIM, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
 To *lonely, weary, wandring* Travellers
 Is *Reason* to the *Soul*. And as on high
 Those rolling Fires *discover* but the Sky
 Not light us *here*; So *Reason's* glimmering Ray
 Was lent, not to *assure* our *doubtfull* way,
 But *guide* us upward to a *better Day*.

And as those nightly Tapers disappear
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;
 So pale grows *Reason* at *Religions* sight;
 So *dies*, and so *dissolves* in *Supernatural Light*

156 *From A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND*

REASON, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
 Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense, behind.
 Pathless, and dangerous, wand'ring ways it takes,
 Through Errour's fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes.
 Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain,
 Mountains of Whimsies, heapt in his own Brain,
 Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong
 down

Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown
 Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light
 The Vapour dances, in his dazzled sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal Night
 Then old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
 After a Search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong

157. *THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
 DEATH OF HER FAWN*

THE wanton Troopers riding by
 Have shot my Faun and it will dye.
 Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
 To kill thee. Thou neer didst alive

Them any harm · alas nor cou'd
Thy death yet do them any good

I have a Garden of my own,
But so with Roses over grown,
And Lillies, that you would it guess
To be a little Wilderness
And all the Spring time of the year
It onely loved to be there
Among the beds of Lillyes, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye,
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine Eyes
For, in the flaxen Lillies shade,
It like a bank of Lillies laid
Upon the Roses it would feed,
Until its Lips ev'n seem'd to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those Roses on my Lip
But all its chief delight was still
On Roses thus its self to fill
And its pure virgin Limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of Lillies cold
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, Roses within

158 *A GARDEN BY THE SEA*

II KNOW a little garden-close,
Set thuck with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple-boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod,
And I beheld them as before

There comes a murmur from the shore,
And in the close two fair streams are,
Drawn from the purple hills afar,
Drawn down unto the restless sea
Dark hills whose heath-bloom feeds no bee,
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,
Tormented by the billows green
Whose murmur comes unceasingly
Unto the place for which I cry.
For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
Amid the murmuring of the sea.

159. *Two Extracts from THE ANCIENT MARINER*

I

DAY after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink

The very deep did rot · O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.'

II

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide ·
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water, burnt away
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware

160 *KUBLA KHAN*

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced.
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
If flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And, on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise

161 *A PLAINTIVE MOVEMENT*

Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee,
 Ah, vainly true!
 Never, ah never! must I more receive thee?
 Adieu! Adieu!
 Well, thou art gone! and what remains behind,
 Soothing the soul to Hope?
 The moaning Wind—
 Hide with sere leaves my Grave's undaisied Slope.

162 *FRAGMENTS*

I

Is it that in some brighter sphere
 We part with friends we meet with here?
 Or do we see the Future pass
 Over the Present's dusky glass?
 Or what is that that makes us seem
 To patch up fragments of a dream,
 Part of which comes true, and part
 Beats and trembles in the heart?

2

O! what is that whose light intense
 Flashes on the bewildered sense
 Like memories of what cannot be
 Within the reign of memory?

A scene, a word, a train of things
Linked by such deep imaginings
That shake our mortal frame like dust. . .

163 *COME SLEEP, I*

COME, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreams beguile
All my fancies, That from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Joy,
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my joyes, have some abiding.

164 *COME SLEEP, II* ,

COME, Sleep, be kind now and relieve me,
Murmur of delight awhile,
Bid some precious dream beguile
All my powers, drive far hence
Every fretful influence,
Capture, blindfold, and deceive me!

Like a drug, a distillation,
Dupe me with a phantom joy!
We that suffer long annoy,
Are contented, though 'tis nought,
With an idle fancy wrought
To the semblance of elation

165. *VITRAIL*

CETTE verrière a vu dames et hauts barons
 Étincelants d'azur, d'or, de flamme et de nacre,
 Incliner, sous la dextre auguste qui consacre,
 L'orgueil de leurs cimiers et de leurs chaperons,

Lorsqu'ils allaient, au bruit du cor ou des clairons,
 Ayant le glaive au poing, le gerfaut ou le sacre,
 Vers la plaine ou le bois, Byzance ou Saint-Jean d'Acre,
 Partir pour la croisade ou le vol des hérons

Aujourd'hui, les seigneurs auprès des châtelaines,
 Avec le lévrier à leurs longues poulaines,
 S'allongent aux carreaux de marbre blanc et noir;

Ils gisent là sans voix, sans geste et sans ouïe,
 Et de leurs yeux de pierre ils regardent sans voir
 La rose du vitrail toujours épanouie.

166 *THE CHURCH OF BROU*, 3

So rest, for ever rest, O princely Pair!
 In your high Church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
 Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come
 Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
 From the rich painted windows of the nave,
 On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave,
 Where thou, young Prince! shalt never more arise
 From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
 On autumn-mornings, when the bugle sounds,
 And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
 To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve;
 And thou, O Princess! shalt no more receive,

Thou and thy ladies in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle-gate.

So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire-tints,
And amethyst, and ruby,—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your brodered pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds;
And, looking down on the warm rosy tints,
Which chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say: *What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!*
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The moon through the clere-story windows shines,
And the wind washes through the mountain-pines
Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,
The foliaged marble forest where ye lie,
Hush, ye will say, it is eternity!
*This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the heavenly palaces!*
And, in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crustled leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

167 *HYPERION*

I

As when upon a tranced summer night
Those green rob'd Senators of mighty woods
Tall Oaks branch-charmed by the earnest Stars
Dream and so dream all night without a stir
Save from one sudden solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off
As if the ebbing Air had but one wave
So came these words and went, the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground
Just where her fallen hair might be out spread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet
One Moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four, upon the night
And still these two were postur'd Motionless
Like natural Sculpture in cathedral cavern,
The frozen god still couchant on the Earth
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet

2

As when, upon a tranced Summer Night,
Forests, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night, without a noise,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Swelling upon the silence, dying off.
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words, and went; the while in tears
She press'd her fair large forehead to the earth,
Just where her fallen hair might spread in curls,
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet
Long, long, those two were postured motionless,

Like sculpture builded up upon the grave
 Of their own power. A long awful time
 I look'd upon them: still they were the same;
 The frozen God still bending to the Earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet.

168 *SPEECH OF SATURN, I*

○ TENDER spouse of gold Hyperion
 Thea I feel thee ere I see thy face
 Look up and let me see our doom in it
 Look up and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's, tell me if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn, tell me if this wrinkling brow
 Naked and bare of its great Diadem
 Peers like the front of Saturn! What dost think?
 Am I that same—O Chaos who had power
 To make me desolate? Whence came the Strength?
 How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth
 While fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
 But it is so, and I am smothered up
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on Planets pale,
 Of admonitions to the Winds and Seas,
 Of peaceful sway above Man's harvesting,
 And all those arts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of Love in I am gone
 Away from my own Bosom—I have left
 My strong Identity—my real self
 Somewhere between the Throne and where I sit
 Here on this bit of earth—Search Thea search!
 Open thine eyes eterne and sphere them round
 Upon all space: space starr'd and lorn of light,

Space region'd with life-air, and barren void,
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of Hell—
 Search Thea search' and tell me if thou seest
 A certain Shape or Shadow making way
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile—it must, it must
 Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King—
 Yes, there must be a golden Victory
 There must be gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of Triumph calm; and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan—
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
 Of strings in hollow shells, and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new for the surprise
 Of the Sky-children—I will give command—
 Thea' Thea' Thea' Where is Saturn?

169 *SPEECH OF SATURN, II*

'**M**OAN, Brethren, moan, for we are swallow'd up
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on planets pale,
 And peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
 And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in Moan and wail
 Moan, brethren, moan; for lo' the rebel spheres
 Spin round, the stars their antient courses keep,
 Clouds still with shadowy moisture haunt the earth,
 Still suck their fill of light from Sun and Moon,
 Still buds the tree, and still the sea-shores murmur.
 There is no death in all the universe.
 No smell of Death—there shall be death—Moan, Moan;
 Moan, Cybele, moan, for thy pernicious babes

Have chang'd a God into a shaking Palsy.
Moan, brethren, moan; for I have no strength left,
Weak as the reed—weak—feeble as my voice—
O, O, the pain, the pain of feebleness
Moan, Moan, for still I thaw—or give me help.
Throw down those Imps and give me victory
Let me hear other groans, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
From the gold peaks of Heaven's high piled clouds;
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells, and let there be
Beautiful things made new for the surprize
Of the sky children'—So he feebly ceas'd,
With such a poor and sickly sounding pause,
Methought I heard some old Man of the earth
Bewailing earthly loss

170 *FOUR SEASONS, I*

In the life of man, •
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons Grant that Spring is there,
In spite of many a rough untoward blast,
Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers,
Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich day,
That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit,
Where is she imaged? in what favoured clime
Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
—Yet, while the better part is missed, the worse
In man's autumnal season is set forth

With a resemblance not to be denied,
 And that contents him; bowers that hear no more
 The voice of gladness, less and less supply
 Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;
 And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,
 Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

171. *FOUR SEASONS, II*

FOUR Seasons fill the Measure of the year;
 Four Seasons are there in the mind of Man.
 He hath his lusty spring when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
 He hath his Summer, when luxuriously
 He chews the homied cud of fair spring thoughts,
 Till, in his Soul dissolv'd they come to be
 Part of himself He hath his Autumn ports
 And Havens of repose, when his tired wings
 Are folded up, and he content to look
 On Mists in idleness to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook
 He hath his Winter too of pale Misfeature,
 Or else he would forget his mortal nature

172 *From THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE*

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
 This was the tenour of my waking dream —
 Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
 Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
 Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear;

And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath

But more, with motions which each other crossed,
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noonday aether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells forever burst;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed

With overarching elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars Like the young moon—

When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might—

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark aether from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb,
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint aethereal gloom
Tempering the light. Upon the chariot-beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team;
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost —I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun,—
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been or will be done,
So ill was the car guided—but it passed
With solemn speed majestically on

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder-blast,

The million with fierce song and maniac dance
Raging around—such seemed the jubilee
As when to greet some conqueror's advance

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre

Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven;—all those who had grown old in power
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower,—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them for ever low,—

All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,
Fled back like eagles to their native noon. . . .

PART VII

173 THE SEASONS

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeaie;
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engrauen morion he did weare;
That as some did him loue, so others did him feare

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated
sore.

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Vpon his head a wreath that was enrold
With eares of corne, of euery sort he bore
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
 Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese;
 And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill
 In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still
 For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
 That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld

174 *SPRING*

SPRING, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King,
 Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in
 a ring,

Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,
 Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo

The Palme and May make countrey houses gay,
 Lambs friskè and play, the Shepherds pype all day,
 And we heare aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo

The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kisse our fete,
 Young louers meete, old wiues a sunning sit,
 In euery streete, these tunes our eares doe greete,
 Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring, the sweete spring

175 TO SPRING

○ THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Thro' the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning
Vallies hear, all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavillions issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garments, let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath, scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers, pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom, and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

176 ENCHANTMENT

○ N this fawn-coloured shore
All delicately strewn,
Gold dust and gleaming shell,
White stone and blue stone,
Lie sweetly together whether
Eyes be to see them or none

The air is gay with voices
Of children The sun
Casts flowers of purple shadow

Before them as they run,
Blows clouds and blooms of shadow
Where the swift feet may run.

Onward the children race
To leap into the sea
That bubbles silver bright
In the lovely revelry
Of foam and limbs together
In a white revelry.

How grew that airy tumult
On shores that were so still,
That wind of flowers and shadows?
What art invisible
Made all that airy wonder,
At what enchanter's will?

177 *ARIEL'S SONGS*

I

COME vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands
Curtsied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist
Foote it featly heere, and there,
and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen Harke,
Harke.

Burthen dispersedly Bowgh wawgh
The watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh
Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry cockadiddle-dowe.

II

Full fadom fue thy Father lies,
 Of his bones are Corrall made:
 Those are pearles that were his eies,
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich, & strange.
 Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen. ding dong
 Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

178 From HERO AND LEANDER

I

GENTLE youth, forbear
 To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
 Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
 Far from the towne (where all is whist and still,
 Saue that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
 Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
 Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*
 In silence of the night to visit vs.)
 My turret stands, and there, God knowes, I play
 With *Venus* swannes and sparrowes all the day.
 A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
 That hops about the chamber where I lie,
 And spends the night (that might be better spent)
 In vaine discourse, and apish merriment
 Come thither.

II

Leander striu'd; the waues about him wound,
 And puld him to the bottome, where the ground

Was strewd with pearle, and in low corall groues
 Sweet singing Meremaids, sported with their loues
 On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleasure
 To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure.
 For here the stately azure pallace stood,
 Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode

179

THOU hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of
 Spring
 The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
 Appears, listens silent; then springing from the waving
 Cornfield, loud
 He leads the Choir of Day· trill, trill, trill, trill,
 Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great
 Expanse,
 Reecchoing against the lovely blue and shining heavenly
 Shell,
 His little throat labours with inspiration, every feather
 On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the
 effluence Divine
 All Nature listens silent to him, and the awful Sun
 Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird
 With eyes of soft humility and wonder, love and awe
 Then loud from their green covert all the Birds begin
 their Song
 The Thrush, the Linnet and the Goldfinch, Robin and
 the Wren
 Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the
 Mountain
 The Nightingale again assays his song, and thro' the day
 And thro' the night warbles luxuriant, every Bird of Song
 Attending his loud harmony with admiration and love.

180. *THE GROWTH OF LOVE, XXII*

I WOULD be a bird, and straight on wings I arise,
 And carry purpose up to the ends of the air
 In calm and storm my sails I feather, and where
 By freezing cliffs the unransom'd wreckage lies
 Or, strutting on hot meridian banks, surprise
 The silence over plains in the moonlight bare
 I chase my shadow, and perch where no bird dare
 In treetops torn by fiercest winds of the skies

Poor simple birds, foolish birds! then I cry,
 Ye pretty pictures of delight, unstir'd
 By the only joy of knowing that ye fly,
 Ye are not what ye are, but rather, sum'd in a word,
 The alphabet of a god's idea, and I
 Who master it, I am the only bird

181 *TRICO'S SONG*

WHAT Bird so sings, yet so dos wayle?
 O t'is the rauish'd Nightingale
 Iug, Iug, Iug, Iug, tereu, shee cryes,
 And still her woes at Midnight rise
 Braue prick song! who is't now we heare?
 None but the Larke so shrill and cleare,
 How at heauens gats she claps her wings,
 The Morne not waking till shee sings
 Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
 Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note,
 Heark how the iolly Cuckoes sing
 Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring,
 Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring

182 *SONG FOR IMOGEN*

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
 and Phœbus gins arise,
 His Steeds to water at those Springs
 on chalic'd Flowres that lyes
 And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
 With euey thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
 Arise, arise

183 *THE SOARING BIRD*

I

CARES the nightingale
Who hears it sing? Many another bird
 By day or night, on mountain or in vale,
 Sings and is heard
You cannot sing until your flight
 Leaves you no audience but the light

III

Think you, fond bird, to you 'tis given
 To live at once in Earth and Heaven
 When every height your wings attain
 Is but the depth they fall again,
 And even your song is but such breath
 As Life might draw, surviving Death,
 If Immortality's vain grace
 Emparadised the commonplace?

IV

Many a lovelier bird than you
 Flaunts on earth a vivid hue
 While you sit obscurely by

Cherishing the secret might
 That can put it out of sight,
 Man and beast are left behind
 In a turning of the wind.
 Tell me, have you never seen
 On your pinnacle serene
 Upstarts of the human race
 Void of meaning as of grace
 In a sudden great machine?
 Did the engine's dreadful roar
 Quench awhile your glorious voice?
 Did you start your song again
 With the old assurance then?

184 TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from Heaven, or near it,
 Pourest the full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

.
 What thou art we know not,
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden

In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden

Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine
I have never heard

Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?

What fields, or waves, or mountains?

What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

185 ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

I

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had'sunk
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease

2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

^ O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath,
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music — Do I wake or sleep?

186 THE WHITE BLACKBIRD

GULLS that in meadows stand,
The sea their native land,
Are not so white as you
Flitting from bough to bough,
You who are white as sin
To your black kith and kin

187 *THISTLEDOWN*

SILVER against blue sky
These ghosts of day float by,
Fitful, irregular,
Each one a silk-haired star,
Till from the wind's aid freed
They settle on their seed

Not by the famished light
Of a moon-ridden night
But by clear sunny hours
Gaily these ghosts of flowers
With rise and swirl and fall
Dance to their burial

188 *A HEAP OF FAGGOTS*

FAGGOTS of ash, elm, oak
That dark loose snowflakes touch and soak,
An unlit fire they lie
With cold inhospitality

Nothing will light them now,
Sticks that with only lichen glow
And crumble to touchwood
Soft and unfit for fire's food

And with wren, finch, and tit
And all the silent birds that sit
In this snow-travelled wood
I warm myself at my own blood

189. *Songs from AS YOU LIKE IT*

I

VNDER the greene wood tree,
 who loues to lye with mee,
 And tune his merrie Note,
 vnto the sweet Birds throte
 Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Heere shall he see no enemye,
 But Winter and rough Weather

Who doth ambition shunne,
 and loues to liue i'th'Sunne
 Seeking the food he eates,
 and pleas'd with what he gets
 Come hither, come hither, come hither
 Heere shall he see no enemye
 But Winter and rough Weather

If it do come to passe
 that any man turne Asse
 Leauing his wealth and ease
 a stubborne will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame
 Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
 And if he will come to me.

2

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
 Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
 Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
 although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skye that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most frendship, is fayning, most Louing, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly

190 TO SUMMER

THOU who dost set the prop to crooked arms
Of apple-trees that labour with their store;
Who givest sunshine to the nestling farms
Along the valley, that their roofs may pore
More placidly upon the open sky,
Thou who dost bid the poplars swing so high
Through thy sweet breath, and pourest rustling waves
Of air along the forest-fledged hill,
Who by the shore dost froth the ocean caves
With green translucent billows, coming still
Till the clear reefs and hollows sob and thrill;
Imperial summer, thou art nigh,
Giver of sweetness, thou art come;
Magician of the soul's melodious gloom,
Whisperer of heaven, great queen of poesy.

I see thee lead the weeping morning up,
That thy bright sun may kiss away her tears,
I see thee drench thy moon in dewy cup,
Which from the roses Hebe evening bears,
High in the heaven is set thy smouldering tower
Of cloudy watch for many a noontide hour,
Whence thou descendest on the misty vale
Far off, and in green hollows all thine own
Leanest thy brow, for loving languor pale,
While some sweet lay of love is let alone,
Or some sweet whisper dies away unknown
Then with the sunset thou dost rise,
And mournfully dost mark
Thy softening clouds subdued into the dark,
The shutting of thy flowers, and thy bereaved skies

Yet thou must fade, sweet nurse of budded boughs;
Thy beauty hath the tenderness of death,
Thy fickle sun is riding from thine house,
Thy perfect fulness waits for withering breath.
Already, see, the broad-leaved sycamore
Drops one by one his honours to the floor
For his wide mouths thou canst no longer find,
Poor mother that thou art, the needful food;
The air doth less abound with nectar kind;
And soon his brethren of the prosperous wood
Shall paler grow, thou shalt be sallow-hued,
Mother, too soon, dies too
The aspiration thou hast sent,
The thrilling joy, the sweet content
That live with trees so green and heavens so blue.

191 *From SUMMER IMAGES, I*

JET-BLACK and shining, from the dripping hedge
Slow peeps the fearful snail,
And from each tiny bent
Withdraws his timid horn

The yellow frog from underneath the swath
Leaps startling as the dog with heavy feet
Brushes across the path
And runs the timid hare.

And mark the bird-boy peep from out the corn,
Bawling aloud to know the passing hour,
And at the lessening day
To list his louder song

From SUMMER IMAGES, II

II LOVE at early morn, from new-mown swath,
To see the startled frog his route pursue,
And mark while, leaping o'er the dripping path,
His bright-sides scatter dew,
And early lark that from its bustle flies
To hail his matin new,
And watch him to the skies

And note on hedgerow baulks, in moisture sprent,
The jetty snail creep from the mossy thorn,
With earnest heed and tremulous intent,
Frail brother of the morn,
That from the tiny bents and misted leaves
Withdraws his timid horn,
And fearful vision weaves

And sawning boy by tanning corn espy,
 With clapping noise to startle birds away,
 And hear him bawl to every passer-by
 To know the hour of day,
 And see the uncradled breeze, refreshed and strong,
 With waking blossoms play,
 And breathe aeolian song

192 *VENUS AND ADONIS*

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
 The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her hast, vnfortunately spies,
 The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight,
 Which seene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shellie caue with paine,
 And, there all smoothred vp, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creepe forth againe
 So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
 Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled braine,
 Who bids them still consort with ougly night,
 And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
 Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat ech tributarie subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Whrch with cold terror, doth mens' minds confound:
 This mutinie ech part doth so surprise,
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eies

And being opend, threw vnwilling light,
Vpon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
With purple tears that his wound wept, was drencht.
 No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

193 *AUTUMN*

II SAW old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn,—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
 Pearling his coronet of golden corn

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
 Lest owls should prey
 Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horned beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
To a most gloomy breast

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the moss'd elm, three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity

The squirrel gloats o'er his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garner with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored

The sweets of summer in their luscious cells,
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;
But here the autumn Melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells

Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain
Alone, alone,

Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves of a love-rosary,
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drownèd past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair,

She wears a coronal of flowers faded
 Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
 There is enough of wither'd everywhere
 To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;
 There is enough of sadness to invite,
 If only for the rose that died, whose doom
 Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
 Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
 There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
 Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
 Enough of chilly droppings from her bowl,
 Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
 To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

194 TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run,
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Untill they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clumsy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

195. *MODERN LOVE, XLVII*

WE saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
 And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
 We had not to look back on Summer joys,
 Or forward to a Summer of bright dye.
 But in the largeness of the evening earth
 Our spirits grew as we went side by side
 The hour became her husband and my bride
 Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our death!
 The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
 In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
 Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
 Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings

196 *ODE TO THE WEST WIND*

○ WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is ·
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one !
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

197 SONG

THE feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream,
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes
And wild the clouded gleam

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

198. *IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER*

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
The feel of not to feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme

199. SONNET

SUMMER, be seen no more within this wood;
Nor you, red Autumn, down its paths appear;
Let no more the false mitrewort intrude
Nor the dwarf cornel nor the gentian here;
You too be absent, unavailing Spring,
Nor let those thrushes that with pain conspire
From out this wood their wild arpeggios fling,
Shaking the nerves with memory and desire.
Only that season which is no man's friend,
You, surly Winter, in this wood be found;
Freeze up the year; with sleet these branches bend
Though rasps the locust in the fields around.
Now darken, sky! Now shrieking blizzard, blow!—
Farewell, sweet bank, be blotted out with snow.

200 TO MEDDOWES

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they
With *Wicker Arks* did come
To kisse, and beare away
The richer Coughps home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a Round:
Each Virgin, like a Spring,
With Hony-suckles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here,
 Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
 And with dishevell'd Haire,
 Adorn'd this smoother Mead

Like Unthrifts, having spent,
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 Y're left here to lament
 Your poore estates, alone

201 *TO WINTER.*

○ WINTER! bar thine adamantine doors.
 The north is thine, there hast thou built thy dark
 Deep-founded habitation Shake not thy roofs,
 Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
 Rides heavy^h, his storms are unchain'd, sheathed
 In ribbed steel, I dare not lift mine eyes,
 For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings
 To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks
 He withers all in silence, and his hand
 Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs; the mariner
 Cries in vain. Poor little wretch! that deal'st
 With storms, till heaven smiles, and the monster
 Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath mount Hecla.

202. *WINTER THE HUNTSMAN*

THROUGH his iron glades
Rides Winter the Huntsman.
All colour fades
As his horn is heard sighing.

Far through the forest
His wild hooves crash and thunder
Till many a mighty branch
Is torn asunder

And the red reynard creeps
To his hole near the river,
The copper leaves fall
And the bare trees shiver

As night creeps from the ground,
Hides each tree from its brother,
And each dying sound
Reveals yet another.

Is it Winter the Huntsman
Who gallops through his iron glades,
Cracking his cruel whip
To the gathering shades?

203 *A PROLOGUE*

THE rawish danke of clumzie Winter rampes
The fluent Summers vaine; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheke of the num'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juicellesse leaues

From the nak't shuddring branch; and pils the skin
 From off the soft and delicate aspects:
 O now, me thinkes, a sullen Tragick Sceane
 Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.

204. *NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE*

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their houres,
 And clouds their stormes discharge
 Vpon the ayrie towres
 Let now the chimneys blaze,
 And cups o'erflow with wine,
 Let well-tun'd words amaze
 With harmonie diuine.
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall waite on hunny Loue
 While youthfull Reuells, Masks, and Courtly sights,
 Sleeper leaden spels remoue.

This time doth well dispence
 With louers long discourse,
 Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All doe not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread;
 Some knotted Ridles tell;
 Some Poems smoothly read.
 The Summer hath his ioyes,
 And Winter his delights;
 Though Loue and all his pleasures are but toyes
 They shorten tedious nights.

205 *DIRGE IN WOODS*

A WIND sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

206

CHRIST keep the Hollow Land
All the summer-tide,
Still we cannot understand
Where the waters glide;

Only dimly seeing them
Coldly slipping through
Many green-lipp'd cavern mouths,
Where the hills are blue.

207. *POEM FOR AN EMBROIDERY FOR THE
HANGINGS OF A BED*

THE wind's on the wold
And the night is acold,
And Thames runs chill
'Twixt mead and hill
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
'Twixt summer and spring,
When all birds sing
In the leaves of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move,
Lest earth and its love
Should fade away
'E'er the full of the day.
I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace
And wane and increase
No fate I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest

208 *FROST AT NIGHT*

WITH the fierce Rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy Bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole imprison'd River grows below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects
A double Noise, while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze, and, with the hasty Tread
Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
Shines out intensely keen, and, all one Cope
Of Starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls,
Thro' the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous Then appears
The various Labour of the silent Night
Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,
Whose Idle Torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant Icicle; the Frost-Work fair,
Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook,
A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn;

'The Forest bent beneath the plummy Wave;
And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends.

209 *FROST AT MIDNIGHT*

THE Frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud 'as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully
'Tis calm indeed! so calm that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extrenie silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the intersperséd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

'Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags· so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself
Great universal Teacher' he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw, whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

210 INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

*In calling forth and strengthening the imagination in
boyhood and early youth*

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons happy time
It was indeed for all of us: for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,

Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home —All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron, while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

211. *NOVEMBER*

. . . And now, if the night shall be cold, across the sky
Linnets and twites, in small flocks helter-skelter,
All the afternoon to the gardens fly,
From thistle-pastures hurrying to gain the shelter
Of American rhododendron or cherry-laurel:
And here and there, near chilly setting of sun,
In an isolated tree a congregation
Of starlings chatter and chide,
Thickset as summer leaves, in garrulous quarrel
Suddenly they hush as one,—
The tree top springs,—
And off, with a whirr of wings,
They fly by the score
To the holly-thicket, and there with myriads more
Dispute for the roosts; and from the unseen nation
A babel of tongues, like running water unceasing,
Makes live the wood, the flocking cries increasing,
Wrangling discordantly, incessantly,
While falls the night on them self-occupied,
The long dark night, that lengthens slow,
Deepening with Winter to starve grass and tree,
And soon to bury in snow
The Earth, that, sleeping 'neath her frozen stole,
Shall dream a dream crept from the sunless pole
Of how her end shall be.

212 *THE END OF THE WORLD*

THE snow had fallen many nights and days;
The sky was come upon the earth at last,
Sifting thinly down as endlessly
As though within the system of blind planets
Something had been forgot or overdriven.
The dawn now seemed neglected in the grey
Where mountains were unbuilt and shadowless trees
Rootlessly paused or hung upon the air.
There was no wind, but now and then a sigh
Crossed that dry falling dust and rifted it
Through crevices of slate and door and casement.
Perhaps the new moon's time was even past.
Outside, the first white twilights were too void
Until a sheep called once, as to a lamb,
And tenderness crept everywhere from it;
But now the flock must have strayed far away.
The lights across the valley must be veiled,
The smoke lost in the greyness or the dusk.
For more than three days now the snow had thatched
That cow-house roof where it had ever melted
With yellow stains from the beasts' breath inside;
But yet a dog howled there, though not quite lately.
Someone passed down the valley swift and singing,
Yes, with locks spreaded like a son of morning,
But if he seemed too tall to be a man
It was that men had been so long unseen,
Or shapes loom larger through a moving snow.
And he was gone and food had not been given him.
When snow slid from an overweighted leaf,
Shaking the tree, it might have been a bird
Slipping in sleep or shelter, whirring wings;
Yet never bird fell out, save once a dead one—

And in two days the snow had covered it.
The dog had howled again—or thus it seemed
Until a lean fox passed and cried no more.
All was so safe indoors where life went on
Glad of the close, enfolding snow—O glad
To be so safe and secret at its heart,
Watching the strangeness of familiar things
They knew not what dim hours went on, went by,
For while they slept the clock stopt newly wound
As the cold hardened Once they watched the road,
Thinking to be remembered. Once they doubted
If they had kept the sequence of the days,
Because they heard not any sound of bells
A butterfly, that hid until the Spring
Under a ceiling's shadow, dropt, was dead.
The coldness seemed more nigh, the coldness deepened
As a sound deepens into silences,
It was of earth and came not by the air;
The earth was cooling and drew down the sky
The air was crumbling There was no more sky
Rails of a broken bed charred in the grate,
And when he touched the bars he thought the sting
Came from their heat—he could not feel such cold . . .
She said 'O, do not sleep,
Heart, heart of me, keep near me. No, no; sleep
I will not lift his fallen, quiet eyelids,
Although I know he would awaken then—
He closed them thus but now of his own will
He can stay with me while I do not lift them.'

213 *DARKNESS*

II HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air,
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation, and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons, cities were consumed,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face,
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd,
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them, some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept, and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,

And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds
shriek'd

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

.

The world was void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths,
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

214 *DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA*

H EARS'T thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and sybill sings
Of a sure iudge, from whose sharp Ray
The world in flames shall fly away.

O that fire! before whose face
Heaun & earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread Night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An euen round with the circling Sun.
And vrge the murmuring graues to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his king

Horror of nature, hell & Death!
When a deep Groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come & all
The caues of night answer one call.

O that Book! whose leaues so bright
Will sett the world in seuere light.
O that Iudge! whose hand, whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what Patron chuse to pray?
When starres themselues shall stagger; and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But thou giu'st leaue (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thy self, in thee;
And with the wings of thine own doue
Fly to thy scepter of soft loue.

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause thou cam's't this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd; And thou wouldst be
Euen lost thy self in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of loue, and eu'n that losse, be lost?
And this lou'd soul, iudg'd worth no lesse
Than all that way, and wearynesse?

.

Though both my Prayres and teares combine,
 Both worthlesse are; For they are mine.
 But thou thy bounteous self still be;
 And show thou art, by sauing me.

TWO SONNETS

215

60

LIKE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend
 Natiuity once in the maine of light,
 Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
 And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow
 And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand
 Praising thy worth, dispiht his cruell hand

216

65

SINCE brasse, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,
 But sad mortality ore-swaies their power,
 How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
 Against the wrackfull siede of battring dayes,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
 Nor gates of steele so strong but time decayes?
 O fearefull meditation, where alack,
 Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
 Or who his spoile of beautie can forbid?
 O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
 That in black inck my loue may still shine bright

217

45

YOU doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
 As if you were dismaid be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Reuels now are ended These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe Sir, I am vext,
 Beare with my weaknesse, my old braine is troubled.

218. THE VIII CANTO, VNPERFITE

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,
 Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
 Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule, yet very sooth to say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest sway
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
 And loue of things so vaine to cast away,
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming
 sickle

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
 But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd
 Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*.
 For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight.
 But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight.
 O that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths
 sight.

NOTES

Note Dates in brackets refer to the year of publication, other dates to the year of composition

PART ONE SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

Page 1 A BRIDAL SONG Shakespeare *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1613 (1634) Line 9 her bells = hairbells Line 16 *Angel* (Folio), Quarto reads *angle* Cf with the next poem, a more formal epithalamium

2. EPITHALAMION Edmund Spenser (1595) St 5, l 14, make = mate

15 FAREWELL Sir Thomas Wyatt written before 1542, when he died Cf with the next poem

16. SONNET Michael Drayton (1619)

17 THEY FLL FROM ME Wyatt before 1542 There is an inferior version of this poem in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), which mends the metre at the expense of the poetry (See *Oxford Book of English Verse*) One of Wyatt's editors comments with unconscious humour on the second stanza, that kissing was the usual mode of salutation among the higher classes, in the sixteenth century

17 DELIGHT IN DISORDER Robert Herrick (1648) Cf next two poems

18 SONG Ben Jonson *The Silent Woman* (1609)

18. THE VFIL Walter de la Mare (1921)

19 A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING John Donne *cir* 1600 (1633) In the last stanza *drawes* is a manuscript reading for the printed *makes* 'It may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim In all these examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vicious, is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange, and that the writers fail to give delight, by their desire of exciting admiration Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth if their conceits were far fetched, they were often worth the carriage To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables'—DR JOHNSON

'The poets in question have, like other poets, various faults. But they were, at best, engaged in the task of trying to find the verbal

equivalent for states of mind and feeling And this means that they are more mature, and that they wear better, than later poets of certainly not less literary ability'—T S ELIOT

Is the imagery of this poem successful?

- 21 A SONG Rochester before 1680 (1696) Cf the last poem
21. LOVERS INFINITENESS Donne *cir* 1600 (1633) Cf next two poems
22. TRUE LOVE Shelley from *Eptpsychidion* (1821) Consider this in the light of Eliot's remarks quoted above
- 23 LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT Christopher Marlowe *Hero and Leander*, 1593 (1598)
23. ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA Sir Henry Wotton 1619 (1651) Cf with the next poem
- 24 MAUD Tennyson (1855)
25. NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL Tennyson *The Princess* (1847)
- 26 WALSINGHAME Sir Walter Raleigh before 1600 Cf next poem
27. FAIN WOULD I CHANGE THAT NOTE Tobias Hume? *Ayres* (1605)
28. TO HIS COY MISTRESS Andrew Marvell before 1653 (1681) See T S Eliot's *Selected Essays* (p 281) and V Sackville-West's *Marvell* (51-5)
29. SONG from THE SPANISH FRYAR John Dryden 1681 Cf Keats's poem on p 254
30. FROM THE MANIAC Thomas Russell before 1788 (Written at least ten years before the *Lyrical Ballads*)
- 32 SHE DWELT AMONG Wordsworth 1799 (1800) This and the following poem were written in Germany, and they were inspired by the poet's love for his sister, Dorothy, who was still living See *Tintern Abbey*, p 152 Cf next two poems
32. A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL Wordsworth Coleridge called this a 'sublime epitaph'
33. AH, WHAT AVAILS THE SLEPTRED RACE W S Landor Critics have commented on the 'masterly restraint' of the penultimate line
- 33 DIRCE Landor
33. ECHO'S LAMENT Jonson *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600 (1601) Cf next poem
34. ECHO Milton *Comus*, 1634 (1637)
- 34 TO MUSICKE, TO BECALME HIS FEVER Herrick (1648) Cf next poem
35. TO— Shelley 1821 (1824)
36. CALLIGLES SINGS Matthew Arnold *Empedocles on Etna* (1852)
38. SONG from THE LOTOS-EATERS Tennyson (1832)

42. FROM THE SOLITARY REAPER Wordsworth 1803 (1807) In the first edition, line 2 ran 'So sweetly to reposing bands', and line 5, 'No sweeter voice was ever heard'
43. THE GUEST Anon before 1648 dazie = dais, canopy Cf next poem, and see *Romeo and Juliet*, iv 4
44. LOVE George Herbert *The Temple* (1633)
44. AMORETTI LXVIII Spenser (1595) Cf next poem
45. EASTER Herbert (1633)
45. VERTUE Herbert (1633) Cf next poem
46. THE GLORIES OF OUR BLOOD AND STATE James Shirley 1640 (1659).
47. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY Milton 1629 (1659) Cf next poem
54. HYMN OF THE NATIVITY Richard Crashaw *Carmen Deo Nostro* (1652)
58. A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER Donne (1633) Cf 9 and 34
58. CHORUS FROM *HFFLLAS* Shelley 1821 (1822) T S Eliot in *Selected Essays* (p 292) compares the first stanza with one of Dryden's
- All, all of a piece throughout'
Thy Chase had a Beast in View,
Thy Wars brought nothing about,
Thy Lovers were all untrue
'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New
- Mr Eliot adds 'It is not easy to see propriety in an image which divests a snake of "winter weeds", and this is a sort of blemish which would have been noticed more quickly by a contemporary of Dryden than by a contemporary of Shelley' Cf next poem, which echoes Shelley's
60. SONG from *THE RESURRECTION* W B Yeats *The Tower* (1928)
60. FROM WILLIAM BOND William Blake *cir* 1803
61. ETERNITY Blake *cir* 1793
61. MORNING Blake *cir* 1801
61. FROM AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE Blake *cir* 1803
62. SONG Milton *Arcades*, 1633 (1645) A E Housman, referring to the first line of this song, wrote 'But in these six simple words of Milton what is it can draw tears, as I know it can, to the eyes of more readers than one? What in the world is there to cry about? Why have the mere words the physical effect of pathos when the sense of the passage is blithe and gay? I can only say, because they are poetry, and find their way to something in man which is obscure and latent, something older than the present organisation of his nature . . '

PART TWO

SONNETS

63. AMORETTI Spenser (1595)
64. ON SLEEP Sir Philip Sidney 1581 (1591) The first edition reads
bathing (l 1), *these* (l 6), *to noyse* to *light* (l 10), *els rare* (l 14)
 (Emendations from 2nd edition)
64. ON SLEEP Samuel Daniel (1592) For the 1601 edition, line 9 was
 changed to *th' Images of day desires*
- 65 18, 29, 30 Shakespeare *cir* 1594 (1609)
66. POUR HELENE II 42 Ronsard 1568-78 Cf next poem
67. WHEN YOU ARE OLD Yeats *The Rose* (1893)
67. 116 Shakespeare *cir* 1596 (1609)
68. 146 Shakespeare *cir* 1600 (1609) In the Quarto, line 2 runs *My*
sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array Cf next poem
68. DIVINE SONNET Donne before 1609 (1633)
69. XVI Milton 1652 (1673)
69. XVII Milton 1652 (1673)
70. XIX Milton 1658 (1673) On his second wife Cf next poem
70. SONNET Wordsworth 1812 (1815)
71. MUTABILITY Wordsworth *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, 1821 (1822)
71. TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE Wordsworth 1802 (1803)
 Lines 2-4 originally ran
 Whether the rural Milk-maid by her Cow
 Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now
 Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den,
72. ON REFUSAL OF AID BY TWELVE NATIONS D G Rossetti, 1849
73. FELIX RANDAL Gerard Manley Hopkins Apr 28, 1880 (1918)
 Hopkins was a Jesuit priest

PART THREE

SATIRE

75. ACHITOPHEL Dryden *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681) The poem was
 published a week or so before the grand jury threw out the bill against
 Shaftesbury (Achitophel) on a charge of high treason He was in-
 triguing to exclude James from the succession, in favour of Monmouth
 (Absalom) A medal was struck to celebrate the failure of the prosecu-

tion Dryden retorted with *The Medal*, a bitter attack on Shaftesbury,
e g

'But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O crooked Soul and Serpentine in Arts,) Whose blandishments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds she plighted to her Lord,
What Curses on thy blasted Name will fall'
' Which Age to Age their Legacy shall call,
For all must curse the Woes that must descend on all '

One of the replies to this, *The Medal of John Bayes*, was by Thomas Shadwell, it is a scurrilous attack on Dryden's private life, which provoked him to write the satire from which the next extract is taken

76. MAC FLECKNOE Dryden (Oct 1682) Flecknoe was an Irish priest who had written a great deal of bad verse

77 PORTRAIT OF ATTICUS Alexander Pope (1727) Atticus = Addison, with whom Pope was annoyed because he had criticized his *Essay on Criticism*, preferred Ambrose Philips's Pastorals to Pope's, and Tickell's Homer to Pope's famous translation Pope in a letter speaks of Tickell, Addison's 'humblest slave, whose translation of Homer was undertaken merely to please the Great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne, and who must be surrounded by whisperers, mutes, noddors, and winkers, whose duty in life is to strangle the reputation of all rivals' This portrait originally appeared in December 1722 in a less polished form

'But should there one whose better stars conspire
To form a Bard, and raise a genius higher
Bear, like a Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with jealous, yet with scornful eyes,
Fearing e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
Just hit the fault, and hesitate dislike
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both but likes the worst the best
' Who would not laugh if such a man there be?'

78. THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS Pope *The Dunciad* (1728) The last lines of the poem

79 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT Jonathan Swift 1731 (1739)

80. MR FITZPATRICK Charles Churchill *The Rosciad* (1761) Cf with Pope's portrait of Addison

81. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE Byron *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809) Carlisle was Byron's kinsman, and he had dedicated his first poems to him See *King John*, III 1

81 SOUTHEY Byron *A Vision of Judgment* (1821) A parody of Southey's poem on the death of George III

82. 'TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH Shelley 1819 (1839) Shelley was indignant with these politicians' repressive acts'
83. SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND Shelley 1819 (1839)
84. FROM THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY Shelley 1819 (1832) 'Written on the occasion of the massacre at Manchester' Eldon was the Lord Chancellor who had refused Shelley the custody of his children
89. WORDSWORTH Shelley *Peter Bell the Thurd* 1819 (1839) Shelley probably knew nothing of Annette Vallon Cf his lines to the Celandine

'A type of that whence I and thou
 Are thus familiar, Celandine—
 A deathless poet whose young prime
 Was as serene as thine,
 But he is changed and withered now,
 Fallen on a cold and evil time,
 His heart is gone—his fame is dim
 And Infamy sits mocking him
 Celandine! Thou art pale and dead,
 Changed from thy fresh and woodland state
 Oh! that thy bard were cold, but he
 Has lived too long and late
 Would he were in an honoured grave,
 But that, men say, now must not be,
 Since he for impious gold could sell
 The love of those who loved him well'

Shelley had read Keats's review of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* and Reynolds's parody of it

91. DEMOGORGON Shelley *Prometheus Unbound*, 1819 (1820) The last lines of the poem (*falter* was substituted for the original *flatter* by Mary Shelley, perhaps on manuscript authority)
92. THE DAY IS COMING William Morris *Chants for Socialists* (1885)
 Cf with *The Masque of Anarchy* above
92. IN RAILWAY HALLS Stephen Spender *Poems* (1933)

PART FOUR

DRAMATIC VERSE

95. THE LAST SCENE OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS Christopher Marlowe *cir* 1592 (1604) 'O lente, &c' (from one of Ovid's elegies) = O slowly, run slowly, horses of the night
99. EDWARD II IN THE DUNGEON Marlowe 1591 (1594) Cf with the extract from *Richard II* below

100. MORTIMER IS LED OUT TO EXECUTION Marlowe *Edward II*, 1591 (1594) Mortimer, for love of Isabella, the Queen, and ambitious for the crown, has Edward murdered, but the young prince, Edward III, assumes power, and Mortimer is executed.
100. RICHARD II, v 4 Shakespeare *cir* 1594 Iacke o' th' Clocke = a small mechanical figure that struck the hours The 'royal' was a crown valued at 10s, the 'noble' at 6s 8d, and the 'groat' at 4d
103. INSOMNIA Shakespeare *Henry IV, Part II*, III 1 *cir* 1597 (1600) Cf *Macbeth*, II 2

Me thought I heard a voyce cry Sleep no more
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
 Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
 The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
 Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
 Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast

And compare the sonnets on p 64 above

104. SPEECH OF ULYSSES Shakespeare *Troilus & Cressida*, II 3, 1600 (1609) Cf Elyot's *The Governour*, I, II

'More ouer take away ordre from all thynges what shulde then remayne? Certes nothyng finally, except some man wolde imagine eftsoones *Chaos* It is therefore congruent, and accordynge that as one excelleth an other in that influence, as thereby being next to the similitude of his maker, so shulde the astate of his persone be auanced in degree or place where understandinge may profite which is also distributed in to sondry vses, faculties, and offices, necessary for the lyuing and gouernance of mankynde For who can denie but that all thyng in heuen and erthe is gouerned by one god, by one perpetuall ordre, by one prouidence? One Sonne ruleth ouer the day, and one Moone ouer the nyghte, and to descende downe to the erthe, in a litell beest, whiche of all other is moste to be maruayled at, I meane the Bee, is lefte to man by nature, as it seemeth, a perpetuall figure of a iuste gouernaunce or rule who hath amonge them one principall Bee for theyr gouernour For at that tyme no litell murmur and sedition was meued in the hoste of the grekes, whiche nat withstanding was wonderfully pacified, and the armie vnsclattered by the maiestie of Agamemnon, ioynynge to hym counsaillours Nestor and the witty Ulysses' (p 105, last line *their* of Q in place of *her*)

106. ULYSSES ON TIME Shakespeare *Troilus & Cressida*, III 3 Achilles has been sulking in his tent, and to make him jealous, the Greeks, on the advice of Ulysses, have been lauding his rival, the brainless Ajax Achilles asks Ulysses if his deeds have been forgotten The Folio text has been followed, except line 33 (where it reads 'And goe to dust, that is a little guilt') and line 39, (where it reads 'the cry went out on thee')

107. THE PARTING OF TROILUS AND CRISEYDE Chaucer 1380. tene = grief, shene = bright, a-twinne = part, peoplish = popular, starf = died.

112 THE PARTING OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA Shakespeare Note the imagery in the last lines fumbles—loose—scants—famished—distasted—salt—broken (meats)—are, like much of the imagery in the play, derived from food Why? (*strain'd* substituted for *strange* from the Quarto)

113. THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA I North Plutarch's Life of Antonius (1579)

114 THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA II Shakespeare 1608-9 (1623) gloue = glow

115 THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA I North (1579)

116. THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA II Shakespeare wilde = vilde?

118 THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA III Dryden *All for Love* (1678)

119. THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA IV Daniel *Cleopatra* (1594) The last four pieces are compared in Bonamy Dobrée's *Restoration Tragedy*

120. PERICLES AND MARINA Shakespeare *Pericles*, 1608-9 (1609) This is taken from the badly printed 1st Quarto, in which the division of the lines is not kept It will serve as an example of the difficulties of Shakespearian editors Some obvious misprints have been corrected

126. PERDITA AT THE SHEEP-SHEERING Shakespeare *A Winter's Tale*, 1611 (1623)

127. PROSPERO'S FAREWELL Shakespeare *The Tempest*, 1612 (1623) Shakespeare's Farewell too? Cf with the next extract, and also the following passage from *The Masque of Queens* by Ben Jonson (1609)

You Fiendes, and Furies (if yet any bee
Worse then our selues), you, that haue quak'd, to see
These knots vntied, and shrunk, when we haue charm'd
You, that (to arme vs) haue your selues disarm'd,
And, to our powers resign'd your whips, and brands,
When we went forth, the scourge of Men, and Lands
You, that haue scene me ride, when *Hecate*
Durst not take chariot, when the boystrous Sea,
Without a breath of Wind, hath knock'd the skie,
And that hath thundred, *Ioue* not knowing, why
When we haue set the Elements at warres,
Made Mid-night see the Sunne; and Day the starres,
When the wing'd Lightning, in the course, hath stay'd,
And swiftest Riuers haue runne back, afraid
To see the Corn remoue, the Groues to range,
Whole Places alter, and the Seasons change

When the pale *Moone*, at the first voyce downe fell
 Poyson'd, and durst not stay the second *Spell*
 You that haue, oft, bene conscious of these sights,
 And thou, *three-formed Starre*, that on these nights
 Art only power-full, to whose triple Name
 Thus wee incline, *Once, twice, and thrise-the-Same*
 If now with *rites* profane and foule inough
 We doe inuoke thee, Darken all this rooffe
 With present fogges Exhale Earths rott'nest vapors.
 And strike a blindnesse, through these blazing tapers
 Come, let a murmuring Charme resound

128. MEDEA'S INVOCATION Golding translated from *Ovid's Metamorphoses* (1565)
 129. BUSSY INVOKES BEHEMOTH George Chapman *Bussy D'Ambois*, v 1 (1607)
 130. BYRON CONTEMNS THE RULING OF THE STARS Chapinan *Byron's Conspiracy*, III 1 (1608)
 131. THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS John Webster *The Duchess of Malfy*, 1613 (1623) The Duchess and her children are murdered by Bosola, at the orders of her brother Ferdinand, who objected to her marrying her steward

PART FIVE

NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, EPIC

133. PORTRAIT OF THE MILLER Chaucer *The Canterbury Tales*, Prologue *cir* 1386
 133. PORTRAIT OF ALISOUN Chaucer *The Miller's Tale* *cir* 1386
 gent = slim, ceynt = girdle, barne-clooth = apron, lendes = loins, gor = bits cut out, voluper = cap, pere-jonette = early pear, latoun = copper + zinc, popelote = darling, berne = barn, bragot = honey + ale, prymerole = primrose, pigges-nye = pig's eye = a dear little thing
 135. PORTRAIT OF A NUN Chaucer *The Canterbury Tales*, Prologue. tretys = long The learned now admit, what the unlearned assumed, that a joke is intended in line 8 (An interesting comparison is afforded by the portrait of the good parson in the Prologue, Dryden's modernization of it, and the portrait of the parson and schoolmaster in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*)
 136. FROM PHYLLYP SPAROWE Skelton *cir* 1504 (1545) A number of lines have been omitted Some of these will be found in a note below

Stounde = moment, sounde = swoon, unneth = hardly, blo = livid, mare = hag, outraye = vanquish, Zenophontes = Xenophon, go = gone, keep cut = behave, prest = alert, gressop = grasshopper, slo = slay, mantycors = man (eating) tigers, gripes = gryphons

142. SATAN Milton *Paradise Lost*, I 1658 (1667)

143. SATAN VERSUS GABRIEL Milton *Paradise Lost*, IV

144. NOTE Blake *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1793)

144. LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT George Meredith Cf with No 111 above

145. MOLOCH'S SPEECH Milton *ibid* II Cf Nos 89, 90

147. INVOCATION TO URANIA Milton *ibid* VII The Thracian Bard = Orpheus

148. INVOCATION Wordsworth *The Recluse* 1800 (1814) Cf with the last passage See Shakespeare's 107th sonnet and Blake, p 1026 (Nonesuch Edition)

150. CHORUS from SAMSON AGONISTES Milton 1667 (1671) Cf with the following lines from Skelton's poem (No 109 above)

The byrde of Araby
That potencyally
May never dye
And yet there is none
But one alone,
A phenex it is
This herse that must blys
With armatycke gummess,
That cost great summes,
The way of thurification
To make a fumigation
Swete of reflary
And redolent of eyre,
This corse for to sence
With great reverence
As patryarke or pope
In a blacke cope

Cf also George Darley's song from *Nepenthe*, which begins

O blest unfabled Incense Tree,
That burns in glorious Araby,
With red scent chalcicing the air,
Till earth-life grow Elysian there!

It is noteworthy that when Milton speaks of the phoenix, he drops into the stanza form of Shakespeare's *Phoenix and the Turtle*

5. NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE, EPIC 285

Let the bird of lowdest lay,
On the sole *Arabian* tree,
Herauld sad and trumpet be
To whose sound chaste wings obey

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foule precurrer of the fiend,
Augour of the feuers end,
To this troupe come thou not neere

- 152 TINTERN ABBEY Wordsworth 1798 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798'

157. THE STOLEN BOAT Wordsworth *The Prelude*, 1799 (1850) Her (in line 1) is Nature The opening lines originally ran

One evening (surely I was led by her)
I went alone into a Shepherd's Boat,
A Skiff that to a Willow tree was tied
Within a rocky Cave, its usual home
'Twas by the shores of Patterdale, a Vale
Wherein I was a Stranger, thither come
A School-boy Traveller, at the Holidays
Forth rambled from the Village Inn alone
No sooner had I sight of this small Skiff,
Discover'd thus by unexpected chance,
Than I unloos'd her tether and embark'd

- 158 PROMETHEUS BOUND Shelley *Prometheus Unbound*, 1818 (1820)

- 159 REGENERATION Landor *Hellenics* (1847)

- 160 FROM GIBRALTAR, BOOK ONE Landor (1798)

161. SONG FROM ORION R. H. Horne (1843) 'It is our deliberate opinion that in all that regards the loftest and holiest attributes of true poetry, *Orion* has never been excelled'—EDGAR ALLAN POE

'As thoroughly the product of true genius as any of the poetical performances of our time'—BROWNING

Note the internal rhymes

161. SIGURD AND BRYNHILD William Morris *Sigurd* (1876)

- 164 FROM *PARACELUS* V Browning (1835)

165. The end of *SOHRAB AND RUSTUM* Arnold (1853) Rustum has unwittingly killed his son in single combat Cf with the next passage

- 166 The end of *THE DAFFODIL FIELDS* John Masefield (1913) In both this and the last passage, the descriptions are intended to convey a contrast between the permanence of nature and the transitoriness of man, and to provide relief after the tragedy

- 167.** ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER Keats 1816 (1817)
Cf John Evelyn's lines addressed to Creech on his translation of Lucretius (1682)

'Tis true, persuaded that there was rich Ore,
I boldly launch'd, and would new Worlds explore
Deep Mines I saw, and hidden Wealth to lie
In Rocky Entrails, and Sierra's high
I saw a fruitful Soil, by none yet trod,
Reserv'd for Hero's, or some Demi-God,
And urg'd my Fortune on,—
'Till rugged Billows, and a dangerous Coast
My vent'rous Bark, and rash Attempt, had cross't,
When landing, unknown Paths, and hard Access,
Made me despond of preconceiv'd Success,
I turn'd my Prow, and the Discovery made,
But was too weak, too poor my self to trade,
Much less to make a Conquest, and subdue,
That glorious Enterprize was left for you^t
Columbus thus, only discover'd Land,
But it was won by great Corteze's Hand,
As with rich Spoils of goodly Kingdoms fraught,
They immense Treasure to Iberia brought,
So you the rich LUCRETIVS (unknown
To th' English World) bravely have made your Own,
And, by just Title, you deserve the Crown

Keats's mistake of Cortez (for Balboa) may have arisen through a recollection of these lines

- 168** HEC TOR TO ANDROMACHE Chapman *Iliads*, vi cir 1690
170. ANOTHER VERSION Pope (1715)

PART SIX

CRITICISM OF LIFE

- 173.** THE FIRST EVENING IN PARADISE Milton *Paradise Lost*, iv
175. WONDER Thomas Traherne before 1674 See Additional Note (a)
177 THE RETREAT Henry Vaughan (1650)
178. ODE Wordsworth (1807) The first 4 stanzas were composed in 1802, the remainder in 1806 The whole poem has not been printed here, in the belief that the middle stanzas are inferior to the remainder (*culling*, 1st edition *pulling*)

181. FROM DEJECTION AN ODE Coleridge April 4, 1802 (1802) This Ode may be compared with Wordsworth's above, which it partly inspired
183. TO R B Hopkins 1889 Bridges substituted *moulds* for *combs* in line 6, on the ground that Hopkins, whose last poem this is, would have made some such alteration
184. A LAMENT Shelley 1822 (1824)
184. FRAGMENT Shelley 1821 (1839)
184. TIME Shelley 1821 (1824)
185. SONG Shelley 1821 (1824) These four pieces by Shelley may be compared with the three poems preceding them
186. IN TIME OF PESTILENCE Thomas Nashe 1592 (1600)
188. THE LIE Raleigh (1608)
190. CHORUS SACERDOTUM Fulke Greville *Mustapha* (1633)
191. GROWING OLD Arnold (1867) Cf with next poem
192. RABBI BEN EZRA Browning (1864) Some stanzas are omitted
195. MAESIA'S SONG Robert Greene 1587 (1591) Cf next two poems
196. THE HERDMEN Anon (1588)
197. BALADE DE BON CONSEYL Chaucer 1380-96
198. FROM APPLETON HOUSE Marvell *ca* 1652 (1681) *holt-felsters* = wood-cutters
202. THE GARDEN Marvell (1681)
204. CHARLES XII Samuel Johnson *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) T S Eliot writes of the last 4 lines 'These lines especially the first two still seem to me among the finest that have ever been written in that particular idiom'
205. CONTENT Churchill *Night* (1761) Cf next two poems
206. SONG Anon (1610)
207. THE BASKET-MAKER'S SONG Dekker 1599 (1603)
207. FROM RELIGIO LAICI Dryden (1682)
208. FROM A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND Rochester (1705)
208. THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN Marvell (1681)
209. A GARDEN BY THE SEA Morris *Jason* (1867) Text from *Poems by the Way* See Eliot's *Selected Essays*, p. 285.
211. TWO EXTRACTS FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER Coleridge (1798) See Additional Note (b)
212. KUBLA KHAN Coleridge 1798 (1816) See Additional Note (c).

214. A PLAINTIVE MOVEMENT Coleridge 1814 (1912)

214. FRAGMENTS Shelley (1) 1819 (1862), (2) 1819 (1934) Cf these two fragments with the following passage written in 1815

' five years ago at Oxford I was walking with a friend, in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself The view consisted of a wind-mill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls, the irregular and broken ground, between the wall and the road on which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash The scene surely was a common scene, the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought, it was a tame uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk, to the evening fireside, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long

(Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror)'

215. COME SLEEP I Beaumont or Fletcher (1607)

215. COME SLEEP II Sturge Moore revision of last poem

216. VITRIL Heredia Cf with next poem

216. THE CHURCH OF BROU Arnold (1853)

218. HYPERION Keats 1819 The first extract is from *Hyperion* (Jan), the second is from *The Fall of Hyperion* (Sept) See Ridley's *Keats Craftsmanship*, 74, 276-7 The following is the first draft of 1

As when upon a tranced summer night
Those green rob'd Senators of mighty woods
The Oaks, stand charmed by the earnest Stars
And thus all night without a stir they rest
Save for one sudden momentary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off
As if the Sea of Air had but one wave

219. SPEECH OF SATURN I Keats *Hyperion*

220. SPEECH OF SATURN II Keats *The Fall of Hyperion*

221. FOUR SEASONS 1 Wordsworth *The Excursion* (1814) Bk V

222. FOUR SEASONS 2 Keats 1818 (Text from *Letters*)

223. FROM THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE Shelley 1822 (1824)

A passage from the first draft of the same poem, together with the

corresponding lines from the printed text, will show that Shelley's composition was not always as effortless as is sometimes supposed:

before me rose
 [her head]
 [the before me sunk]
 The night, before me rose the day, and deep
 Was [at my feet & Heaven] before me fled
 [Arose me spread]
 before me rose
 night rose day
 The [day,] behind me [sunk] the [night,] the deep
 Was at my feet, & Heaven above my head
 [And then, a soft &]
 [And It was the year the season]
 [And as]
 charmed
 Gazing awhile, my weary senses grew
 [Into the glour] scene which I contemplated
 Part of
 [And a soft extasy] [and madness now]
 [swift and clear as h]
 And [as Heaven changed methought I] knew
 [Gazing and absorbed]
 That nor the series]
 [neither anew the series of]
 [music]
 That [neither] as the birds & waves made melody
 bright along
 And [as] the clouds [ever] the horizon flew
 fini
 Nothing of what
 tree, & [his]
 Under the self same [chestnut, and] heard as then
 [seeth]
 The birds the [ocean and the fountains drown]
 fountains & the [sea converse]
 Ocean as they talk
 [The music to each other and the when]
 still
 [In music through the calm enamoured air]
 hold [sweet]
 [When] sweet talke
 [Converse] in music through the enamoured air,
 And see these clouds oer the horizon rolled—
 or

- [And as I looked, methought out of their woven]
[an Indian river]
[And] White vapours from their moving turrets
[shone]
Like
[And as the rose likes]
And from the sun and from a
[Swift as flashlights from an Indian lake]
Balanced on
[On rapid] wings of crimson snow & gold,
Out of them
[Clouds from] the clouds
incessantly & ever
invisible blast
Rose on the [rising wind,] and soon outsped
[The wind arose]
(?) clouds move upon the rising wind
[Rose on the] rising wind
Th [Which now their moving turrets] The
[Which on the]
rise invisible [blast]
[Which gusts upon] the [rising wind,] & swift as
[Outspeed the wind like ministring] spirits
[wind] their way
Outspeed the blast that win[ning] upon them [silent]
their [calm way]
[Through the deep ether borne]
• • • • •
before me fled
The night, behind me rose the day, the deep
Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,—
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread
Was so transparent, that the scene came through
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer, and I knew
That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn
Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,
• And then a vision on my brain was rolled

PART SEVEN

THE SEASONS

- 227.** THE SEASONS Spenser *The Faerie Queene* (1598), vii 7 Libbard = leopard
- 228.** SPRING Nashe 1592 (1600)
- 229.** TO SPRING Blake before 1778 (1783)
- 229.** ENCHANTMENT Æ Vale (1931)
- 230.** ARIEL'S SONGS Shakespeare *The Tempest*, 1612 (1623)
- 231.** FROM HILRO AND LEANDER Marlowe *ca.* 1592 (1598) Cf last poems
- 232.** THOU HEAR'EST THE NIGHTINGALE Blake *Milton* (1804-8)
- 233.** THE GROWTH OF LOVE, XXII Bridges (1876-98)
- 233.** TRICO'S SONG John Lyly 1580 (1584)
- 234.** SONG FOR IMOGEN Shakespeare *Cymbeline*, 1610 (1623) Some editors substitute *bin* for *is* in line 6
- 234.** THE SOARING BIRD Hugh MacDiarmid
- 235.** TO A SKYLARK Shelley (1820) With omissions
- 237.** ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE Keats 1819 (1820) The song of the bird in st 7 symbolizes poetry, Keats is contrasting its immortality with the mortality of the poet
- 240.** THE WHITE BLACKBIRD Andrew Young (1935)
- 241.** THISTLEDOWN Young (1935)
- 241.** A HEAP OF FAGGOTS Young (1935)
- 242.** SONGS FROM AS YOU LIKE IT Shakespeare 1599 (1623).
- 243.** TO SUMMER Richard Dixon (1864) 'If I were making up a book of English Poetry, I should put your Ode next to Keats' on *Autumn*, and the *Nightingale* and *Grecian Urn*'—HOPKINS
 'The objection that this Ode is too like Keats may serve those who do not wish to admire, but it will not be much of an objection, until others have found this sort of imitation easy'—BRIDGES
- 245.** FROM SUMMER IMAGES Clare The first version was written 1821-4, the second a year or two later Cf next passage
- 246.** VENUS AND ADONIS Shakespeare (1593)
- 247.** AUTUMN Thomas Hood (1823) In st 4, line 6, Quiller-Couch's emendation for *Autumn melancholy* is here adopted How far does Bridges' note to No. 190 above apply to this poem?
- 249.** TO AUTUMN Keats 19 Sept 1819 (1820) Written at Winchester 'How beautiful the season is now—how fine the air A temperate

sharpness about it Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies—I never lik'd stubble-fields so much as now—Aye better than the chilly green of the Spring Somehow a stubble-plain looks warm— This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it'

250. MODERN LOVE, XLVII Meredith (1862) The sequence from which this poem is taken describes the tragedy of an unhappy marriage
251. ODE TO THE WEST WIND Shelley 1819 (1820) One manuscript has several variant readings IV/8 When to outstrip thee in thy skiey IV/14 One too like thee, yet mortal swift and proud V/14 When Winter comes Spring lags not far behind
253. SONG DIXON (1864) 'I do not think anywhere two stanzas so crowded with the pathos of nature could be found (except perhaps there are some in Wordsworth) as the little song of *Feathers of the Willow* a tune to it came to me quite naturally'—HOPKINS to Dixon
254. IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER Keats 1817 It is just possible that Keats changed line 21 to 'To know the change and feel it' Cf Dryden's song on p 29
255. SONNET Edna St Vincent Millay *Fatal Interview* (1933) A sequence of sonnets describing the growth and decline of love. Cf No 195 above
255. TO MEDDOWES Herrick (1648)
256. TO WINTER Blake before 1778 (1783)
257. WINTER THE HUNTSMAN Osbert Sitwell
257. A PROLOGUE John Marston (1602)
258. NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE Thomas Campion *cir* 1600
259. DIRGE IN WOODS Meredith
259. CHRIST KEEP THE HOLLOW LAND Morris (1856)
260. POEM FOR AN EMBROIDERY Morris 1891
261. FROST AT NIGHT James Thomson *The Seasons* (1726)
262. FROST AT MIDNIGHT Coleridge 1798 See No 118.
264. INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS Wordsworth 1799 (1809)
266. NOVEMBER Bridges (1896) The second half of the poem
267. THE END OF THE WORLD Gordon Bottomley 1907 (1912)
269. DARKNESS Byron (1816) A long passage is omitted
270. DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA Crashaw (1652)
273. SONNET LX Shakespeare *cir* 1596 (1609)
- 273, SONNET LXV. Shakespeare (1609)

273. YOU DOE LOOKE. Shakespeare *The Tempest*, 1612 (1623) * Cf. these lines from William Alexander's *Darius* (1603)

Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt,
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone brus'd soone broken
And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant
All fades, and scarcele leaues behinde a token
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles
With furniture superflouslie faire
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire

274. THE VIII CANTO, VNPERFITE Spenser *The Faerie Queene*

Additional Note (a)

From Traherne's CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS

2

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys My knowledge was Divine, I knew by intuition those things which since my apostacy I collected again by the highest reason My very ignorance was advantageous I seemed as one brought into the estate of innocence All things were spotless and pure and glorious, yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious I knew not that there were any sins, or complaints or laws I dreamed not of poverties, contentions, or sues All tears and quarrels were hidden from mine eyes Everything was at rest, free and immortal I knew nothing of sickness or death or exaction In the absence of these I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory, I saw all in the peace of Eden, heaven and earth did sing my Creator's praises, and could not make more melody to Adam than to me All Time was Eternity, and a perpetual Sabbath. Is it not strange that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?

3

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold the gates were at first the end of the world The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men!

O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem¹ Immortal Cherubims¹ And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty¹ Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels I knew not that they were born or should die But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire The City seemed to stand in Eden or to be built in Heaven The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine, and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it I knew no churlish proprieties, nor bounds nor divisions, but all proprieties and divisions were mine, all treasures and the possessors of them So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of this world, which I now unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again that I may enter into the Kingdom of God

Additional Note (b)

Professor J L Lowes, in *The Road to Xanadu*, has shown how passages from Coleridge's reading were combined (unconsciously) in these stanzas

'Not only the Wake of a Ship produces this Light, but Fishes also in swimming leave behind 'em a luminous Track I have sometimes seen a great many Fishes playing in the Sea, which have made a kind of artificial Fire in the Water, that was very pleasant to look on '—CAPTAIN COOK

'During a calm, on the morning of the 2d, some parts of the sea seemed covered with a kind of slime, and some small sea animals were swimming about The most conspicuous of which, were of the gelatinous kind, almost globular, and another sort smaller, that had a white, or shining appearance, and were very numerous Some of these last were taken up, and put into a glass cup, with some salt water When they began to swim about, which they did, with equal ease, upon their back, sides, or belly, they emitted the brightest colours of the most precious gems Sometimes they assumed various tints of blue which were frequently mixed with a ruby or opaline redness, and glowed with a strength sufficient to illuminate the vessel and water But, with candle light, the colour was, chiefly, a beautiful, pale green, tinged with a burnished gloss, and, in the dark, it had a faint appearance of glowing fire They proved to be an animal which has a share in producing some sorts of that lucid appearance, often observed near ships at sea, in the night '—CAPTAIN COOK

'As what time after long and pestful calms
 With slimy shapes and miscreated life
 Poisoning the vast Pacific '—COLERIDGE

'The Water of the Sea looked like Oil, and seemed to rise up and bubble '—BOURZES

'At night, when the Sea dasheth very much, it shines like fire, the Sea-men call it burning This shining is a very bright glance, like unto the lustre of a Diamond But when the Sea shines vehemently in a dark night, and burns, a South or West-wind followeth after it '—MARTENS

'The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about ' (*Macbeth*)

One ignis fatuus 'kept skipping about a dead thistle, till a slight motion of the air made it jump to another place '—PRIESTLEY

'In the same kind of weather he has observed those luminous appearances, which, at sea, skip about the masts and yards of ships, and which the sailors call Corpusanse '—PRIESTLEY

'Of the Snail *Slime*-fish, It is very remarkable, that out of the utmost part of him come two Stalks, like unto the Beam of a pair of Scales With these Stalks he moves himself up and down The Seamen take these small Fish for Spiders They swim in great numbers in the Sea, as numerous as the Dust in the Sun '—MARTENS

'Where the Legs come out of the Body, they spread themselves double into Twigs, and are like unto the Feet of a Spider When they swim in the Water they hold their Legs together, and so they row along '—MARTENS

'In the tenth of March in fortie two degrees, the Sea was all red as if it had beene mixed with bloud, being full of red Wormes, which taken up leaped like Fleas '—PURCHAS

'In the yeere of our Lord 1590, at the Asores many moneths becalmed, the Sea thereby being replenished with seuerall sorts of gellies and formes of Serpents, Adders, and Snakes, Greene, Yellow, Blacke, White, and some partie-coloured, whereof many had life, being a yard and a halfe, or two yards long And they could hardly draw a Bucket of Water, cleare of some corruption withall '—PURCHAS

'In the Sea we saw Abundance of Water Snakes of several Sorts and Sizes '—DAMPIER

'The whole fish is of a pale gold (or burnished brass) colour . the scales are powdered with red, russet, silver, blue and green specks' while at the gills is 'a little spatula encircled with silver, and velvet black '—BARTRAM

'In the dog-days, when the sea lies unruffled by the winds, the sea-serpent is wont to emerge, arched into all sorts of coils . of which some project from the water, while the rest are hidden under it '—LEEMUIS.

'But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern,
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide,
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain .

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore,
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billows glide,
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main '—FALCONER

'Commonly we see this [Bow] before the Ship, and sometimes also behind to the Lee-ward over-against the Sun, where the Shadow of the Sail falleth It is not the Shadow of the Sail, but a Bow sheweth itself in the Shadow of the Sail We see this pleasant reflexion, in the small drops of the Salt-water of several colours, like the Rambows in the skies '
—MARTENS

Additional Note (c)

KUBLA KHAN

Professor J L. Lowes records the following parallels

'In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteene miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the middest thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure, which may be removed from place to place '—PURCHAS

'Hee had in a goodly Valley betwixt two Mountaynes very hgh, made a goodly Garden, furnished with the best trees and fruits he could find, adorned with divers Palaces and houses of pleasure, beautified with gold Workes, Pictures, and Funitures of silke '—PURCHAS

'I do not, indeed, suppose that you will long hesitate to believe that there are underground rivers and a hidden sea From what other cause could the rivers burst out and come to the surface? And what are you to say when you see the Alpheus '—SENECA ✓

'Now surely a man trusts too much to the sight of the eyes . if he does not believe that the depths of earth contain a vast sea with winding shores . . The hidden regions being desert without inhabitant give freer scope to the waves of the nether ocean.'—SENECA

'This delightful spot, planted by nature, is almost an entire grove of Palms, with a few pyramidal Magnolias, Live Oaks, golden Orange, and the animating Zanthoxilon, what a beautiful retreat is here' blessed unviolated spot of earth' rising from the limpid waters of the lake, its fragrant groves and blooming lawns invested and protected by encircling ranks of the Yucca gloriosa, a fascinating atmosphere surrounds this blissful garden, the balmy Lantana, ambrosial Citra, perfumed Crinum, perspiring their mingled odours, wafted through Zanthoxilon groves. I at last broke away from the enchanting spot '—BARTRAM

'Just under my feet was the enchanting and amazing chrystal fountain, which incessantly threw up, from dark, rocky caverns below, tons of water every minute, forming a bason capacious enough for large shallows to ride in, and a creek of four or five feet depth of water, and near twenty yards over, which meanders six miles through green meadows, pouring its limpid waters into the great Lake George About twenty yards from the upper edge of the bason is a continual and amazing ebullition, where the waters are thrown up in such abundance and amazing force, as to jet and swell up two or three feet above the common surface. white sand and small particles of shells are thrown up with the waters . when they subside with the expanding flood, and gently sink again '—BARTRAM

'A very romantic situation a grove of magnificent cedars a lion or monster yet more savage and ferocious remember the water is enchanted The ground descends likewise with a very easy slope '—BRUCE

'When an Eclipse happens they sound their Organs and Timbrels, and make a great noyse They foretell holy dayes, and those which are unluckie for enterprises No warres are begunne or made without their word '—PURCHAS

'An house of pleasure of the ancient kings That which most adorns it is a fountain It breaks out of the earth, as if by some violence it ascended up from the bottom of a well, and that with such an abundance as might make it to be called a river rather than a fountain store of fruit-bearing trees These cabinets, which are in a manner made like domes are situate in the middle of the canal, and encompassed with water . In the midst of this lake there is an eremitage which doth miraculously float upon the water '—BERNIER.

'Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
Round an holy calm diffusing '—COLLINS

'There by divers Pipes were seene to runne Wine, Milke, Honey . Hee had placed goodly Damosels skilfull in Songs and Instruments of Musicke He made this Palace, because Mahomet had promised such a sensuall Paradise to his devout followers '—PURCHAS

'Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara (though this by some supposed
True Paradise) under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high' (*Paradise Lost*)

'In a cave of the same mountainous subah a very singular phae-
nomenon is said at certain periods to make its appearance In
this cave is sometimes to be seen an image of ice, called AMERNAUT,
which is holden in great veneration'—MAURICE

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